

L O N D O N J E S T S :

O R, A
C O L L E C T I O N

Of the Choicest

Jokes and Repertees.

Out of the most Celebrated
Authors, Ancient and Modern.

With an Addition of above *One Hundred*, never before Printed.

Et tamen in mediis Ridere Doloribus audet,
Scaron. Encom

L O N D O N :

Printed by *T. o. Norris*, at the Looking glass on *London-bridge*, 1720.



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T O T H E R E A D E R.

Reader,

IT hath been the constant Labour both of Pen and Press these several Years past, to present thee with somewhat suitable to thy Genius: But still they complain they are short of their Purpose, though I see no reason to fear that they'll as yet give it over.

For my part, I am neither Prophet nor Astrologer enough to foretel what Humour my Book shall find thee in; whether Angry, Melancholy, or Merry; or whether thy Mind and Body have made two contrary Assignations, being guided by a Principle, which in New English they call a Maggot in the Head, or a Breeze in the Tail; however, I'll venture my self upon your Candor, not doubting but you are at least a Pretender to that (so frequently) Usurped Virtue; for a piece of Kille-grewism is sometimes made Welcome, where the most Elaborate Volumes are left to the Mercy of the Grocers, or at least committed to the Pillory in Moor-Fields, there to continue till some Charitable Hand shall bestow a Groat for their Releasement.

The Heads of Men are of so many different Sizes; that what one Fancies, another cannot endure the Smell of it; which Verifies that of the Poet.

To the Reader.

Mirth pleaseth some, to others 'tis Offence,
Some commend *plain Conceit*, some *profound Sense*.
Some with a witty Jest, some dislike that, (what,
And most would have themselves, they know not
Then he that would Please all, and himself too,
Takes more in hand, than he is like to do.

Now Reader, do not thou mistake me, as if I did
undertake what never Man accomplish'd as yet: My
Design is to present you with a Mess of Innocent Mirth,
if you please to accept of it, if not you may forbear, there
is no Imposition in the case: But considering that the late
Frost might have ingendered some Malignant Humours
in your Body, which with the help of a Dose of Pills,
the ensuing Treatise may be a means to expel, I there-
fore thought it not amiss, to Salute you with it for that
end; and possibly it may tend as much to thy Profit in
this, as four and twenty Pocky-Bills.

I know there are some that will never want a Back-
biter, so long as he has a Shirt upon his Back that a
Louse can lodge in; I do not expect that I shall be sin-
gular in the Case, neither do I care so to be; only let
Truth be told, and the Devil be shamed.

I know you'll say (amongst the rest of your Criticisms)
your Jest is so flat, they deserve neither Time nor Mo-
ney; I answer, I told you already, that if they don't
please, you may let them alone; but a flat Jest is not al-
ways the worst of Jest, either in Verse or Prose, as
for instance.

Abalom hang in a Tree,
Which was a wonder for to see,
By comes Joab, Angry was he,
And shot an Arrow in his Arse.

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To the Reader.

Sense. what, w not too, I did My Mirth, there be late umours Pills, there- or that profit in Back- that a be sin- uly let cisms) r Mo- don't not al- se, as
These are none of the *smartest* of Lines yet I dare say they have caused more to laugh than have heard them, than ever so many of Ben Johnson's have done: Upon the same score, if better can't be, I desire my Jests may find Favour. Nay, I consider'd this to be a scribbling Age, and wherein very flat things are sometimes accepted of; if some do but Fart somewhat louder than they use to do, presently the Mallet bites them, and away they must go and get an Imprimatur for it, and if so, why should not I have an Imprimatur for my Jests? Which (as little as you value them) may cause in others, the same height of Laughter, which may breed more Books in the World.

If one running upon an Errand to Wales, shall when he comes back be admitted like another Drake, to publish his Travels to the World, under that Metaphysico-philological Title of Wallographie, why may not I be heard in my home-spun Stile, as well as he in his Don quick-sotisms; though I confess if this custom hold long, it may come at length to be a Law, that an honest Man cannot go the length of Tyburn, but he must be obliged to publish his Travels, whether he came back or not; which will be a little hard, to bind a Man to such Impossibilities, for *Ultra posse non datur effe.*

But you'll possibly tell me, you have no Money to bestow upon such Trifles: I answer, I told you before, if it did not please you, you might let it alone: Now I tell you if you have not Money, you must let it alone, for I put so much Trust in the Bookseller, that he will never vilifie the Credit of it so far, as to let you or any other have it, without either Money, or what is Equivalent; so that you need not trouble your Beard to seek it upon any other Terms.

To the Reader.

Many other *Tales of a Tub*, which they who are married to their Money will be ready to tell, I omit : Only I must Advertise you, that if you buy this Book, you will neither abuse me nor your self ; Me by misconstruing my Intensions, which is only to make you prove your self to be Animale Resibile, so that if you hear any call you an Ass, I may confidently say, they lie, it being supernatural to that Creature to laugh ; Your self, by bestowing that time here, which your more important Affairs call for ; as I would not have it to be Old Mens Bibles, nor Childrens Catechisms, so neither would I have an Inch of time spent upon it, which may not be well spared from necessary Occasions.

One word of Advice for the Blue-Aprons, and so I have done, and it is this. Sweet-hearts, if any of you be so Familiarly dispos'd, as to bestow your Shilling upon it, take care how you order your Business ; for if your Mistress find you breaking of Fests here, while your Business is out of Order, it may be she shall make Fests turn to sad Earnest ; so beware, for there is a time for all Things.

Now Reader, lest you may think the Preface so long, that for its sake the Book is Published, I bid thee

Farewel.

Doctor

Doctor Merriman :

O R, A

Collection of Modern JESTS :

Being A

Pleasant and Innocent Diversion for the
Melancholy, and Entertainment for
the Chearful.

1. Court Jest.

A Jester to one of the *Henrys*, King of
England, would needs beg a Patent
of the Prince to receive an Egg of
every *Cuckold*, which the King apprehending
to be a pleasant Jest, ordered such a Patent to
be Drawn, and as soon as it was Signed, the
Jester came to the King, demanding of him
the first Egg; saying, *Come, give me your Egg,*
Harry. Which stoppt the farther prosecution
of the Design.

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2. A

London Jestrs:

2.

A Jester to a certain Queen, had dropt an unlucky Paper in the Bed-Chamber, with these Letters inscribed, *I. C. S. X. O. Q.* by *V.* The Queen at Sight of it was much offended, and suspected the Author to be her *Jester*, who upon Examination confessed it, and was Banished the Court; but some of the Lords having a Kindness for him, interceeded for his Re-admittance, and it being granted on consideration of his Submission, he was brought into the Presence; says the Queen to him, *Come on Sirrah, now we shall hear of our Faults.* No faith Madam (replied he) *I scorn to speak of that the whole Town talks of.*

3.

Scoggan, the famous Jester to Queen *Elizabeth* had Borrowed *Fifteen hundred Pound* of the Privy-Purse, and the time for Payment being long expired, the Queen asked him for the Money: *Scoggan* replied, he hoped her Majesty would forgive him; No, (says the good Queen) *Never whilst thou art Alive.* Whereupon the Jester understanding that the Queen would in a few Days be taking a *Coffin* Progress, and pass by his House, ordered a to be made ready, and some of his Friends to carry him as to Burial. *Scoggan* had all things ready prepared, and put himself into the *Coffin*, his Friends attending at the Door, and the *Coffin* was just shoulder'd as the Queen was coming by: Whereupon she demanded, who

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London Fests.

who was to be Buried ; it was answer'd, her Majesty's Servant *Scoggan*. Alas, reply'd the Queen, Is that Wag dead ? I never heard he was so much as Sick ; well, he was an Arch Crack, and owed me *Fifteen hundred Pound*, but I forgive it him with all my heart. Upon which he starts up in the Coffin, and replied, *I humbly thank your Majesty, thus your Grace hath brought me to Life again.*

4.

It is farther reported of *Scoggan*, that having offended some of the Ladies, he was order'd to be whipt through the Long Gallery, and the Ladies placing themselves on each side, each having a Rod in her Hand, were to discipline him as he pass'd. He was accordingly (with his Back made bare) brought in at one End of the Gallery, and one of the Grooms to lead him through the Storm. Says *Scoggan*, Ladies, I am told I must this Day do Penance for abusing of you ; but if there be indeed any Whore amongst you, I am sure she will strike first. At which they looked one upon the other, and he pass'd through without being touched.

5.

One day Queen *Elizabeth* visiting the School at *Westminster*, asked one of the Boys how oft he had been whipt, the Lad wittily replied with that of *Eneas* in *Virgil*.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare Dolorem.

Her

London Jests.

Her Majesty gave to another of the higher form, a Theme for an Extempore; Dislike. The Theme was this.

Pauper ubique Facet.

To which the Youth immediately replied :

In Thallamis Regina tuis hac Nocte jacerem.

Si verum hoc est Pauper Ubique Facet.

6.

King James (amongst his other Princely Virtues) had a particular Way of Shaming a Parasite ; and among the rest, as one Day two of his young Courtiers were Leaping before his Majesty in St. James's Park ; wherein they had shewed such Agility and Vigour, as could hardly be supposed ; the King said Jocularly, *And is this the farthest Leap you can fetch with all your Boasting ? when I was a Lad, I would have Leap'd farther by at least two foot.* At which a Scotch Laird (thinking to Ingratiate himself by confirming what the King had said) answered, *I have seen your Majesty exceed the most they have done by at least five Foot.* His Majesty replied, *Ah my Soul, thou art a great Liar, for indeed I would have Leap'd further, but I never could Leap so far by above five Foot.*

7.

The Spanish Ambassador having presented his Majesty with a very fine Mule ; The King and his Nobles went one Day into the Park to see her ; one praised the Head, another the Heighth, a third the make of her Limbs ;

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London Jests.

higher some looked in to her Eyes, others into her
Dislick. Mouth, whereupon the King's Buffoon look-
ed under her Tail, whereat some of the No-
bles smiling, said, *The Fool had a mind to kiss*
plied : *her Breech*, No faith (replied he) but I can-
erem. not forbear Laughing; to think *what Fools you*
et. *are to look a gift Horse in the Mouth.*

8.

incely Henry the 4th of France, asking a deform'd
ming Gentlewoman, *How long it was since she came*
e Day *from the Castle of Beauty?* was answered, Sir,
g be- *ever since you left the Company and Council of*
here- *good Men, wherein was your Greatest Orna-*
gour, *ment and Strength.*

9.

p you One Day King Henry the 4th, aforefaid ;
was passing over *Pont Neuf*, in *Paris* ; seeing there
least an old Man that had his Head white, and his
ng to Beard black, Stopped his Coach to enquire
the the reason of those two contrary Colours ;
your the poor Man wittily replied, *Sir, it's because*
oy at *the Hair of the Head is at least Twenty Years*
my *older than that of my Beard.*

10.

p so Great Things are sometimes obtained at
ted the Hands of Princes by little, and (almost)
ing shameful accidents; for the said Henry, by
ark some named *Le Grand*, being once in a Vil-
her lage in *France*, a certain Counsellor appeared
os ; before him, to request a Boon of the King
ne on behalf of that Province ; and in the midst
of an excellent Oration, chanced to discharge
back

London Fests.

backwards; whereat the Company were much abashed: But he with an undisturbed Countenance (looking over his Shoulder) reprimanded his Posteriors to this effect; *Peace you uncivil Rascal, you ought not to speak till I have done, it is unsufferable Arrogance for you to Interrupt your Master*; and then went on with his Speech. The King mightily pleased with the humour of the Counsellor, not only granted his Suit, but highly commended his Ingenuity. When he was returned Home, several Gentlemen came to Congratulate the happy Success he had in his Negotiation with the King: To which he replied, *You may thank mine Ar----- for that, and truly I have a great Obligation to my Posteriors, for Obtaining for me the King's Grace*: Henceforth they have free Toleration to discharge when they please.

II.

The French Ambassador dining with King James, the King in Mirth drank a Health to him, saying, *The King of France drinks a Health to the French King*: Upon which the Ambassador replied, *My Master is a good Lieutenant, for he holds France well for your Majesty*: No, says the King, *He holds it from me*. Truly, Sir, (said the Ambassador) *it is no farther from you than it was*.

(12.)

Count Gondamor, Ambassador from Spain, used to drop a great deal of false Latin in his

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London Jests.

much his discourse with the King; upon which his
Count Majesty told him, it was strange, that an Am-
bassador from so great a *Monarch* should so
often break *Priscian's Head*. To which he re-
plied, I beg your Majesty's Pardon for that,
I speak Latin like a King, but your Majesty
speaks it like an Ambassador.

13.

The same Ambassador being invited to the
Reader's Feast at *Grays-Inn*, a little after the
Palsgrave was elected King of *Bohemia*, and
was just come to *Prague*; a Gentleman began a
Health to the King of *Bohemia*. The Count
Pledg'd it chearfully, and gave the Reader
Thanks; telling the Company, That it was
the first time he ever drank the *Emperor's*
Health in England.

14.

A certain King, it is no matter of what
Country, going one day into the Fields with-
out any Attendance, because he intended not
to to be known, came in his Walk, where
a poor Man was digging of Earth; who
thought he was not above *Fifty Years* of
Age, yet was very *White-headed*; the King
saluted him thus, God Bless you *Labourer*
in the Earth: To whom the Labourer repli-
ed, And you also, *Governour of the Earth*.
Why call you me so? Says the King, be-
cause (replied he) *He that made the Earth*
for the use of Man, made him Governour of
it. It hath Snowed much upon the Mountains,
said

said the King, *Time will have it so*; answered
 the Labourer. The King much pleased with
 his witty Answers, entered into a farther
 Discourse with him, asking him what he got
 by the Day? he replied *Eight-pence*. That
 (says the King) is not enough to nourish
 thee. Quoth the Labourer, I spend but
Two-pence of it, for the maintenance of my
 self and Wife; and *Two-pence* more, I al-
 low towards Payment of my Debts; *Two-*
pence more I Lend; and the other *Two-pence*
 I give away. How can this be? said the King.
 The Labourer replied, I have answered you
 as to the first *Two-pence*; which you will
 not think much for me and my Wife; I
 have besides, an aged Father and Mother,
 that provided for me, when I could not care
 for my self, and I reckon it a just Debt to
 allow them one other *Two-pence*; I have
 young Children, from whom I expect the like
 Retribution, when I am past Labour, and I
 daily Lend them the third *Two-pence*; and
 for the last *Two-pence*; it goes to the mainte-
 nance of two Daughters my Wife had by a
 former Husband, which I account given, or
 cast away, for I can hope for no return
 from them. The King was exceedingly sa-
 tisfied with his Discourse, (and having ob-
 tained a Promise of him, that he would dis-
 cover to no Man, what discourse had passed
 between them, till he saw his Face again) took
 his leave of him, and returned to his Court;
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where being in Company with some of his Doctors and Nobles, he stated the Question to them: How any Man, having but *Eight-pence* a Day, could Live upon *Two-pence*, pay *Two-pence* Debt, Lend another *Two-pence*, and Give away *Two-pence*. And allowed them three Days time to bring in their Answer; They were all amazed, and surprized at the strangeness of the Question, and knew not possibly how to resolve it: So they concluded, that the King must needs meet with the Discourse from some poor Man, as he was that Day walking alone; so that examining which way the King took his Walk that Day, they with some difficulty found the Person, who acknowledged he had had Discourse of that Nature with the King; but would by no means resolve them of the Particulars. They offered him great Rewards, but all to no Purpose. The next Day they came again to him, and tendered him a great Sum of *Silver* and *Gold*, having the *King's Stamp*, upon which he disclosed the whole matter to them, and then they gave the King an Exact Account of the whole Matter. The King straight knew, that unless the Labourer had discovered it to them, they could by no means have resolved the Question; wherefore in a short time he found out the Labourer, and sharply reprov'd him with great Anger, because he had violated his Promise, by disclosing the Discourse to any one,

one, before he had seen his Face. That is to confer
 your Mistake (replied the poor Man) for had been
 refused to tell them until they shewed me Emperor
 your Face, and not only one but many Faces about to
 So he shewed the King abundance of pieces ing to ta
 of Gold and Silver, stamped with his own very Te
 Image; whereat the King infinitely more ad peror to
 mired the Subtilty of the Labourer, and would T
 commanded him to repair to the Court the Em
 where the King preferred him to great fear a T
 Honour, making him one of his chief blessed t
 favourites, and taking his Advice in the high-
 est Matters of State. So much may Inge-
 nuity advance a Man, when he happens to
 be known to those who know how to put a
 just Value upon him.

15.

An Ancient Gentleman in the Country be- how an
 ing prickt for High Sheriff, and desirous by the Pri
 reason of his Age to be Excused, sent his Catholi
 Lady (who was young and handsome) to the Misre
 Court, to Petition, that some other might Heaven
 be named in his stead: At the delivery of Earth
 the Petition, the King told her, that her Healib
 Husband was prickt, and it was now too that b
 late to alter it. To which she smartly Super
 replied, *I hope your Majesties P----- doth not*
always stand. And for the Jest's sake her
 Husband was Excused.

16.

An Italian Prince sent an Ambassador to
 the Emperor, to desire his Imperial Majesty,
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That is to confer on him the Title of *Serenity*, which had been given to divers other Princes; the Emperor granted his Request, and as he was about to return home, he came in the Morning to take leave of the Emperor, and it was very Tempestuous Weather; which the Emperor taking notice of, asked him, *Why he would Travel in such foul Weather?* to which the Embassador made answer. *That he need not fear a Tempest, now his Imperial Majesty had blessed the World with so much Serenity.*

17.

When King *Charles* the First (at that time Prince of *Wales*) arrived from *Spain*, before, and at the time of his Landing, there happened a great deal of Thunder and Rain. O! says a *Papist* to a *Protestant*, do you not see how angry Heaven is, and how disturbed, that the Prince should come so soon from that Blessed Catholick Country. That is your Mistake, and Misrepresentation (replied the other) for the Heavens discharge their Ordnance; and the Earth hath been drinking his Highnesses Health, these three or four Hours, for joy that he is returning from that Idolatrous, and Superstitious place.

18.

And now we have occasion to speak of the Earths Drinking Healths, I cannot omit that ingenious *Bachinall*, Composed by the Celebrated Mr. *Abraham Cowley*.

London Jest

*The Thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
 And Drinks, and gapes for Drink again ;
 The Plants suck in the Earth, and are
 With constant Drinking, fresh and fair :
 The Sea it self (which one would think,
 Should have but little need of Drink)
 Yet Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
 So fill'd, that they o're-flow the Cup ;
 The busie Sun (and one would guess
 By's Drunken Fiery Face no less)
 Drinks up the Sea, and when he's done,
 The Moon and Stars Drink up the Sun.
 They Drink and Dance by their own Light,
 They Drink and Revel all the Night.
 Nothing in Nature's Sober found,
 But an Eternal Health goes round.
 Fill up the Bowl, then fill it high,
 Fill all the Glasses there ; for why,
 Should every Creature Drink, but I ?
 Why Man of Morals, tell me why ?*

19.

Upon a time, a Mayor of a Corporation resolving to give a publick Demonstration of his Loyalty, ordered some Wine to be carried to a Bonfire, and in Person, with his Brethren, to begin his Majesties Health. And imagining that one of the Aldermen was no great Admirer of Health-drinking, he began his Majesties Health to him on one Knee; the Alderman receiving the Glass, pledged him on both Knees; which of the Company observing, and hinting to the Mayor,

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or, he was concerned to be out-done (as he thought) by the Alderman, and asked him, why he did not do it as it was began on one Knee? Why truly (says he) *One Knee was in Honour of the King, and the other to ask God Forgiveness for so doing.* What (says the Mayor) *Do ye ask God Forgiveness for doing the King Honour?* No (says he) *Not for that, but because I Pledged a Health on that which I ought to Pray on.*

20.

Appelles the Famous Painter, having drawn the Picture of *Alexander the Great* on Horseback, when the Emperor saw it, he (it seems) gave it not that Praise, which so exquisite a piece did deserve; upon which *Appelles* calls for a Living Horse, who coming near, fell to pawing and neighing, supposing the Paint to have been a real Rival, Upon which the Painter told the Emperor, *That his Horse had more Judgment in Paint than he.*

21.

Sir *Thomas Moore*, who was acknowledged by all Men to be a very great Scholar, and States-man, and was in his time Lord Chancellour of *England*, had a very Religious Lady, who having no Son, made it her daily Prayer, that she might have an Heir; Sir *Thomas* asking her one Day, *Why she sequestred her self so much to her Closet?* Replied, it was to Supplicate the *B. V.* that she

she might have a Boy. After some Years she was delivered of a Son, who growing up proved to be very shallow and dull of Apprehension; which Sir Thomas with great observing, said to her, *My Dear, you were afraid you should have had Never a Boy, but now thou hast one will be Ever a Boy.*

22.

When the Constable of the Tower gave him notice that the King had signed a Warrant for his Execution the following day, says Sir Thomas to the Constable, *Pray present my humble service to his Majesty, and acquaint him, that my Physitian hath cast me Water, and assures me, that he finds no Symptoms of Death upon me, but that I may live yet these twenty Years, for my Vitals are very sound; I feel no Pains of the approaching Catastrophy; but if the King takes me off to Morrow, he sends me twenty Years the sooner into Abraham's bosom.*

23.

It was a Saying of a Great States-Man lately dead, *That Inconsideration was the occasion of all the Confusions in this World, and the Miseries of the other.*

24.

The Witty Earl of Rochester: having sent a Distich upon the French King's Conquests which in Latin were thus,

Una Dies Lotheros, Burgundos Hebdomada

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THE
Second PART,
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Cloyster Jests.

I.

IN the Time of Pope Leo the Tenth, was one *Andrew Mauro*, who for his facility in Rhyming, had obtained the Name of Lawreat or Arch-Poet, and being one Day in the Pope's Presence, out of a vain-glorious Ostentation of his own wit, he said :

Archi-Poeta facit versus pro Mille Poetis.

The Pope cut him off with this Reply.

Et pro Mille Poetis Archi-Poeta bibit.

Which may be Englished thus,

Poet.] *Leureat for Thousand Poets Verses makes.*

Pope.] *Laureat for Thousand Poets Gobblets takes.*

2.

At a certain Battle which the Pope had in the Field of----, a *Spanish* Cardinal came among the Soldiers, and advised them not to spare their Lives, but to exert their utmost Courage for the good and welfare of his Holiness; promising them a plenary Remission of all their Sins, and that those that died in the Battle, should dine with the Angels in Paradise: And having thus counselled them, he retired out of the Battle; which a Soldier perceiving, said to him, *Monseigneur, And will not you stay and dine with us in Paradise?* To which the valiant Cardinal replied, *That his hour of eating was not yet come.*

3.

There is in *Normandy* a City named *Domfront* which belongeth to the Bishop of *Mayence*, this Bishop (understanding that the Curates within his Diocese exacted too much on their Parishioners for their Rights) made a Table to Regulate their Fees for Baptism, Marriages, and Burials; but the Curate of *Domfront* would not Baptize under four times the Sum limited by the Table; Whereupon Complaint being made to the Bishop, he was summoned to appear before his Diocesan, and for his defence he alledged, *That he baptized all, but seldom buried any, for that as soon as they came to be of Age, they were generally carried to Roven to be hanged for false Witnesses; so that by this means he was deprived*

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of the benefit of Interments; that the Abbot having the Tythes, he had only the Casualties of the Parish to live upon, and therefore made them pay Baptizings and Burials together; but if it happened that any were buried there, he obliged himself to give them that for nothing; he farther produced a List of two hundred he had baptized, of which more than one hundred and eighty were hanged. Upon which the Court ordered the Curate to pay himself for Burials at their Baptism, on the Consideration aforesaid.

4.

In the Time of Charles the Bald, Emperor and King of France, one *Johannas Erigena* a Scotch-man, by reason of his great Learning had the honour to sit at Table with the Emperor; but being very Uncourtly in his Behaviour, the Emperor asked him one Day, *Quid interest inter Scotum & Sotum*, which (according to the Latin) is, *What's the difference between a Scot and a Sot.* To which he readily, (but rudely) answered, *Mensa*; that is, the Table; intimating the Emperor to be a Sot.

This *John* was but of little Stature, and dining another day at the Royal Table, with two other Scholars, who were proper Men. The Emperor set him a Dish with two large Fishes, and one small one, bidding him divide them between himself and the two Scholars; upon which *John* laid the two

large Fishes in his own Plate, and set down the small ones to the two Scholars. The Emperor smiling said, *In faith Mr. John, you are no equal Divider;* That is your Highnesses mistake, (said he) and pointing to himself and the two great Fishes, said, *Lo here are two great, and one little, and on the other side, is one little and two great.*

5.

A Doctor of Divinity having a good Estate and no Child, resolved by some publick Charity to make himself memorable to Posterity, and so appointed a good Sum of Money to make a Cawsey to a Market-Town, for the greater Security of Travellers in the Fenny Country : One day as the Labourers were at work upon it, the Doctor being there to see what progress they had made, chanced to come by a Noble-Man, who had no great reverence for Men of his Cloth, and Jeeringly said to him ; *Doctor, for all the Cost you are at, I do not believe this to be the way to Heaven:* I am of your Lordship's Mind (replied the Doctor) for then I could not have expected to have met your Lordship here.

6.

Two Shavelings being one day in hot dispute, Whether there were more Worlds made than one ? One of them affirmed, that there were ten Worlds made ; and for Confirmation, cites that passage about the cleansing of the Leapers ; *An non Decem sunt facti Mundi?*

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Mundi? Where by the various construction of the word *Mundi*, it may signifie either, Were not ten made Clean: Or, were not ten Worlds made? The Fryar understood it in the last sence, as agreeable to the Question; but the other would by no means be answered there was any such Text in the Testament; the *Opponet* produced a Latin Testament, and shewed him the words; at which the Brother was hard put to his Trumps, and in great perplexity; till casting his Eye on the next Verse, the first words were, *Sed ubi sunt illi novem?* But where are Nine of them. Whereupon he began to Vociferate and Triumph over his Brother Blockhead, Telling him, he had forget that Nine of the Ten were lost in Deucalion's Flood.

7.

At the first bringing over of *Tobacco* into England, it was no small Question amongst the scrupulous, Whether the taking of it where lawful, or not? It seems a famous Divine had in his Sermon much Inveighed against it, terming it *Base Tobacco*: After Sermon the Preacher, and divers other Divines that were Hearers, dined with a good Lady thereby; after Dinner one of the Ministers takes out his Box. and a clean Pipe out of his Pocket, (for Pipes were precious in those Days) and having filled a Pipe of *Spanish*, began to smoak in the Room. The good Lady seemed disturbed at this, and

Addressed herself to him, saying to this purpose: Sir, have you not heard but now an excellent Sermon, wherein smoaking this base Weed, was learnedly disproved, and is it fit for one of your Coat to act in defiance of so good an Exhortation? To which he replied, Madam, the Sermon was good, but had no relation to what I am now doing; for that which was exclaimed against was smoaking base Tobacco, but I am sure I smook as good as any Man in England, but (said he, the Pipe being somewhat foul) rather than offend your Ladiship, I will burn the Pipe. No, pray, Sir, (replied the Innocent Lady) I may be mistaken.

8.

Judge Richardson having spoken something against the Star-chamber, was sharply reprimanded before the Council, the Archbishop being there; inasmuch that a Lord meeting him in the Lobby, observed him to wipe his Eyes, *How now my Lord* (says he) *have you been in a smoaky House?* No, my Lord, replied the Judge) *but I had like to have been choak'd with a pair of Lawn Sleeves.*

9.

A spruce young Chaplain, who had not a Voice like a Syren, nor befriended with Skill in Gamut; yet imagining that he sung as well as any Man, because he understood no better, had often observed a Servant in the House, to fix her Eyes upon him while the Psalm was singing, and to shed tears as if

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if she had been moved with the management of his Voice : To acquire the more Credit to himself, he asked her in presence of some (not the meanest) of the Family ; *What moved her to weep so often while the Psalm was singing.* Alas ! Sir, said she, When I lived in the Country with my Husband, we had the Misfortune to lose a She-Ass, that was very profitable to us, and your Voice doth so much resemble hers, that every time I hear you sing, I cannot forbear weeping to think of the poor Creature.

10.

Two Priests going from *Roan* to *Paris*, met with a Peasant, mounted on an Ass, who seeing them, began to bray after a strange fashion, as if she thought them of their Fraternity : the Priests (willing to abuse the Peasant) asked him, *Why he suffered his Brother to cry ? Cannot you appease him, and give him what he wants ?* The Countryman (who was none of the dullest in the Village) answered them ; *The Ass, my Master, is so Ravished to meet with his Kindred, that he knows not how to express it to them ; and knowing you to be the nearest of his Family, he Trumpets forth his Melodious voice, to testify to you the Joy he hath to see you.*

11.

A Franciscan one Day mounted on a brave Horse, was met by a Burgeess ; who reminded him, that being of the Order of St.

Francis, He was obliged by vow to follow him. But (says he) he went on foot, you are on Horse-back. Alas ! (says the Fryar you have reason to say I ought to follow the Holy Founder of our Order ; but 'tis so long time since he went before, that it is impossible to overtake him on Foot ; it will be hard to do it on Horse-back, without Spurring up to a Tantivy.

12.

One *Winnifred*, born at *Kirton* in *Devon*, used to say, That in old Time there were Wooden Challices, and Golden Priests, but in his Time there were Golden Challices and Wooden Priests.

13.

A contemplative Student passing the Streets of *London*, met a huffing Gallant, who striking between the Student and the Wall, jostled him almost to the Kennel, saying (with a Grimace) *I do not use to give the Wall to every sawcy Loggerhead.* The Student (modestly turning, and Capping the Gallant) replied, *but I do.*

14.

There is a Story that a *Pope* and a *Cardinal* dying at one time, they Travelled together as far as the Gates of Paradise, and his Holiness taking the Keys at his Girdle, began to try to open the Lock ; sometimes he endeavoured with one Key, sometimes with the other ; but neither could prevail, they were not

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not fit to the Wards of that Lock. Whereupon his Eminence spoke to this effect; *Father, you see here is no entrance for us; we have been mistaken in the Keys of this place, Let us e'en therefore try at the door of Purgatory, and there we may be sure not to fail, for that is a Lock of our own making.* 15.

At a Commencement, one of the new-Created Masters, being (according to Custom) to preach before his Brethren; (and Wit at that time being allowed by peculiar dispensation) takes this for his Text.

We are of Yesterday, and know Nothing.

Beloved, says he, This Text fitly divides it self into two Parts.

1. The first respecting our Standing, *We are but of Yesterday.*

2. The second respecting our Understanding, *And know Nothing, When I know more, I will tell you more.* In the mean time let what you have heard suffice, and so dismiss them.

16. A Learned Bishop, Preaching on that Message of *Paul to Timothy*, concerning the Parchments, endeavoured to prove that those Parchments contained the Prayers of the Church; a certain Non-con was at the SERMON, and coming out of the CHURCH, said to a Gentleman: Sir, My Lord Bishop has taken much Pains to prove, that *Paul's* Parchments contained the Common-Prayers; *But in my Opinion, the Parchment looked better like a Conge d'Esfire, than a Prayer-book.*

A *Congie d' Eglise*, is that Instrument whereby a Bishop holds his Title to his Bishoprick.

17.

The Bishop of *Eureux* in *France*, going from *Talasia* to *Ca'en* was benighted, and meeting a Peasant (who had not yet left his Cart) asked of him, *Whether he might get through the City gate?* The Peasant observing him to be very Fat, replied; *My Cart with a Load of Hay passed through just now, but I question whether your Paunch may pass, that carries the Crop of a whole Diocess.*

18.

A Priest in old Time having an intimacy with a Blacksmith's Wife that lived near him; and the Blacksmith having some Apprehensions that were not very pleasant; one Day pretended a Journey from home about business; the Parson had notice of his going abroad in the Morning early, and the Smith was hardly gone, but Sir *John* came to supply his place: There was but one Door to the House, and it was built before the Invention of second Floors came to be much in fashion, so that there was no Chamber over, but a great beam where they used to hang Horse-tackle, and Panniers, and such like: The Smith makes an unexpected return, but was espied by his Wife, who had a Watchful Eye at the Window; *Alas!* says she, *my Husband comes! Where will you hide?* The nimble

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nimble Priest skips a-top of the Beam into one of the Panniers; but his weight overpoising the other side, the Smith was no sooner entred the Room, but down came the Panniers, and the Parson with a rouse; up springs Activity, *Here Neighbour* (quoth he) *Here are your Panniers, I thank you for the Loan of them;* and so went his way.

19.

A Learned Divine, Preaching in the Summer time at *St. Maries* in *Oxford*, there was a Groom of the Stables amongst others, that pressed up to the top of the Pulpit Stairs; The Air of the Litter was not very agreeable to the Doctor's tender Nostrils, and he had much ado to forbear during his Prayer, but that being ended, he turns to the fellow, *Prithee Friend* (says the Doctor) *think 3 or 4 Stairs lower.* At which the Fellow bethought himself of a more mannerly distance.

20.

One was asking the Question, Why Monks and Friars (since they never Married) should be called Holy Fathers? Alas, replied a Gentleman, if we consider how much the World is beholden to them for Propagation, How many swarms of young Friarlings they yearly send abroad, you will see a great deal of reason for it.

21.

A Doctor had written a Book, that Sunday was no Sabbath, and that Sports were lawful,

lawful, going one Day abroad, and meeting a poor Neighbour, resolved to try how he was instructed, by putting some Questions to him, amongst which, one was, *How many Commandments there were?* To which he answered Eight; *Aye*, quoth the Doctor, *I thought what an illiterate Fellow you were.* Why so, Sir, replied the Man: *Have not the Papists taken out the Second Commandment, and have not you denied the Fourth? So that between you, you have left but Eight.* The Doctor being so smartly answered, ended Catechising for that time.

22.

A Protestant being in *Italy*, and seeing the Priests carry the Host with a vast Attendance, and Concourse of People, asked one of them, What was the meaning of that great Appearance, and mighty body of People? To which he was answered, That it was a sign the Host was in a Friend's Country. To which the Protestant replied, That by the mighty Guards, it rather seemed to him as if he were in an Enemies Country; for amongst Friends there was no need of such a Force.

23.

A Fryar preaching on St. Luke's Day in a Country Parish, for the Solemnity of the Feast, took this Text. *Salutat vos Lucas Medicus.* And Luke the Physician salutes you. Then making a Pause before his Preachment, that

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the Auditory might prepare themselves. An old Man of the Parish observing that no one returned this Civility; and esteeming it a great Shame that no one answered a word, stood up, saying, *Mr. Preacher, we give many thanks to S. Luke, for his remembrance of us; and we thank you for bringing us the good News: We beseech you to return our hearty Commendations to him.* The good Man could proceed no farther, being interrupted by a mighty Laughter, which his words had occasioned among the whole Auditory.

24.

A Fool being at Church at the *Vespers*; and observed that as soon as one of the Priests began the Office, all the rest fell a singing; presently ran to him, and gave him a sound Cuff on the Ear, saying, We should have all been quiet enough, if this bawling Fellow had not began to cry first.

25.

A Peasant going one day to the Market, and having an Ass much Loaden with Corn, was reprehended by two Monks that met him, saying, Friend, art thou not ashamed so to Over-burthen the poor Beast? To which he replied, It is well you have pity upon the Ass, whom you think to be over-loaden; But you never consider how much you, and your Order over-burthen the World, which daily groans under the Weight of your Impieties.

26. An

An honest Parson of the same Neighbourhood, that loved now and then to take chirping Cup amongst his Neighbours, and to requite it with a Tub of Liquor at his own House, having (as he thought) in his Cellar a Hogshead of Beer that would answer the Expectation; one Sunday, after Morning Service, gave the honest Parishioners a sober Invitation, to spend their Afternoons Devotions over a Glass of March-Beer. The Parson's Wife (who had long before disposed of that precious Nectar amongst her Gossips, perceiving what her Husband was about) hastens home with all speed, pulls the Spiggot out of the Vessel, and let the strong groons about the Cellar, ordering her Maid (to compleat the matter) by casting a Pail or two of Water into the Room; so that there appeared a frightful deluge. The good Woman meets her dear Husband, (who had all this while in the Church-yard been making his Compliment to his Neighbours) I say she met him just as he was coming in at Doors, and with hands lifted up, and a Countenance full of Astonishment, told him the dismal Tydings; That the Devil of an unruly Sow (whilst they had been at Church) had shoved open the Cellar Door, got in, forced out the Spiggot of the March Beer, and let all the precious Cordial about the Floor. The poor Parson was

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was thunder-struck at the dreadful News, stood as if he had been transmuted to a Statue, with his Eyes fixed on the sad Messenger of the unhappy Story; till at length starting like one out of a Trance, he made to the place where the irreparable Wreck was; and perceiving by his Eyes and Nose that it was e'ne too true; he fell into such a Rage as would puzzle a Romancer to describe, wishing that all Sows had run the same fate with those the Devil hurried into the Sea; nor could the consideration of the Tythe-pigs mollifie him one jog, no, nor the importunities of his tender Wife; who minded him of the Patience of *Job* (a Text he had for a long time been insisting upon to his Parish) Wicked Woman (said he) Why dost thou go to add to my Torments? I tell thee, *Job* had never such a Barrel of Beer in his Life. In the heat of his Discourse the Neighbours came in, and with much persuasion, prevailed with them to adjourn the Discourse at that time, and to wash away their Remorse at an adjacent Ale-house, where at last (by the Influence of *Bacchus*) matters were very amicably Composed.

27.

And now we are got into a knot of Roguish Stories, I shall add one more, which is of a certain Damofel near about Twenty Years of Age, who fell into a longing Condition for somewhat that she stood in need of,

of, for want of which she pined away, and wasted to a miserable Condition: Her Mother often asked her what she ailed? And what she should do for her? and the poor Girl would reply, Alas Mother! 'tis no help to you, nor all the Mothers in the World can help me! Wo, and alas! that I should live to these Years, and----- So by daily declining she at last came to take her Bed; the Parson was sent for, He came, read to her the Visitation of the Sick: at the hearing of which she sob'd, and sigh'd most pitifully; at length (said she) dear Mr. Parson you mistake the Text; this is enough to break ones heart! Let me desire you to read a little in Matrimony; the very thoughts of it are a Cordial. The good-natur'd Parson (being Advertised) gave her not the Bill but the Dose, and left her in a hopeful way of Recovery.

28.

A Jolly Parson being on a *Saturday* at a Market-Town in the *West*, and meeting there some Servants of a Doctor that was an intimate Friend of his, he was so overjoyed at the Sight of his old Acquaintances; that he could not forbear giving them an Invitation to a Tavern, where they spent most part of the Night in Healthing to, and remembering of their Friends, until they had almost forgot themselves. Towards the Morning they rid away; the Parson having prevailed

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ailed with the rest to go with him to his House; where he promised them a Sermon and a Sunday's Dinner. They arrived in the Morning, early enough to take a Mornings Draught before Church-time, and so being well liquored, repaired to their Devotion; Prayers being ended, and the Psalm begun, the Parson got into the Pulpit, where falling on his Knees to his private Orisons, he dropt asleep upon the Cushion: In the meantime the Psalm ended, the people wondered that no one appeared to speak to them; the Clark gets up the Stairs, pulls him by the Gown, Master, the Psalm is ended; at which the Parson (dreaming that he had been still at the Tavern) says; *Well, I tell ye Dr. B's Men shall not pay a Farthing.* Upon which most of the parishioners left him to his repose, that he might recover himself against the Afternoon.

29.

A young Novist intending to try what he could do in a Pulpit, went to a pretty remote Country Parish, as is usual on such Occasions, and in reading the Service, found that the First Chapter of *Matthew* was to be read, which containing the Genealogie, is very full of hard Names to those that are not used to them, as it seems this young Parson was not; for after he had began and *Abraham* begat *Isaac*, and read on three or four more, he found himself gravelled, so that

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casting his Eye forward, *And so* (says he) *the*
begat one another to the end of the Chapter.

30.

Two Divines that were thought to have
 great Amity for one another, were by
 Noble-man invited to Dine together in
 Room by themselves one Day; the Noble
 man took a convenient stand to over-hear
 their Discourse, which he concluded would
 be very pleasant, the one being a very
 witty Man, but slovenly; the other a very
 spruce Man, and accounted a good Wit. The
 last of these happened to be in the Room
 first, and had been in the Room a prett
 while before the other came, who at length
 appearing, he that was there first comes to the
 the Door to accost him; and withal think
 ing to break a Jest on his uncourtly Habit
 starts back of a sudden, saying, *I was ap*
pointed to have met a worthy Doctor, but
doubt (in his stead) I accost a Butcher: The
 Doctor (who very well understood Repartee)
 answered, *Sir, I cannot blame you for being*
surprized, for it is natural for horned Beasts
to dread the Butcher. Which, to one Wed
 ded under Capricorn, was thought to be a
 small Abashment.

31.

It is reported, that one that was a Stran
 ger in *Spain*; being in one of the principa
 Cities of that Kingdom, as he was walking
 the Streets one Day, had a violent motion to

He Nature; he was in great distress for want of a Conveniency; but by chance seeing the Door of a great Church open, he went in; and it being about that time of Day when the place was least frequented, he could observe no one of whom he might suspect himself in danger; however he retired into the privatest place he could find, which happened to be a Chapel dedicated to some famous Saint; there he fairly let down his Breeches, and unburthened himself. But notwithstanding all his Caution he happened not to be so secure, but one of those inferiour Officers that use to attend in those places (whether to keep the place clean, to whip the Dogs, or to gather up what any one leaves behind them, is not my business to enquire;) one of these Implements had espied the Gentleman, and immediately gave notice to more of the same Gang, who are never far from those Borders. The Gentleman had hardly time to fasten up his Breeches before they were coming upon him: He apprehending their Design, put himself upon his Knees, as in a posture of Devotion, but they had something else in the Wind, they were led by their Noses to the Odoriferous Offering, which the Stranger had presented there: Away they hurry him before a Magistrate; many Priests and Cryars flocked to inflame the Accusation against him, which was, that he had Blasphemously

mously defiled the Shrine of one of the Idols; they exasperated the Matter with aggravations too tedious here to insert; length he prays he may have Permission to speak; which with much difficulty was granted. *Fathers and Friends*, said he, you know what is alledged against me, but when you rightly understand the Matter, you will esteem it a Crime; So it was, that I had Stool for many Days, and the Physicians could not help me; at length I fancied that if I addressed my self to that Shrine, where the People found me, I should have ease, and my unspeakable Comfort so it happened; for no sooner cast mine Eyes to that venerable Image, but I presently found Nature ready to discharge her self in the very place, and was just paying my Thanks to my Benefactors when these People, misapprehending what had happened, came upon me, and hurried me before your Worship. No sooner had he ended but they fell down, and kissed the Ground he stood on, and had much ado to forbear kissing his Breech; they took him on their Shoulders, and carried him to the Shrine where they had found him, and where yet the Fragrant Offering lay, which they presently put in a silver Vessel, and after they had carried it about in a pompous Procession, they laid it up for a precious Relick to be admired by Posterity.

32.

The Learned *Cambden* in his *Remains*, p. 54. tells you of a Fryar who preaching in the country, espied a poor Wife whispering to another that sat in the same Pew with her, whereat the Fryar being enraged, called to her aloud, crying, *Hold thy peace, Babble, I bid thee, thou Wife in the best Hood.* Whereat the Woman being angry, started up and cried to him again, that all the Church rang of her; *Marry, Sir, I beshrew his Heart that babbleth most of us both, for I do but whisper a word with my Neighbour here, and thou hast babbled there a good large Hour.*

33.

The same Author tells you, that one Fryar *Donaldo* preaching at *Paul's Cross*, said, That our Lady was a Virgin, and yet at her Pilgrimages there was many a foul meeting. Crying aloud to them, *Ye Men of London, Gang on of your selves with your Wives to Wilsdon in the Devil's Name, or else keep them at home with you with a Sorrow.* It seems the London Wives at that time knew the Benefit of governing Pilgrimages to *Wilsdon*, where the Virgin's Shrine was, and by the foul meeting he intimates their Rendezvous with their Fathers and Confessors, who were the Gallants of that Age.

34.

Henry the Second of France sent one *Galus*, English a Cock, to the Council at
 *Trent*,

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Trent, who in a Learned Oration taxed Vices and Disorders, which were then cr into the Church; upon which the Pope Nuncio laugh'd, saying, *Now the Cock Crow* I wish, said the Bishop, *That by the Crow of this Cock St. Peter's Successors might be sed up to Repentance, with Tears, as he* What? says the Nuncio, *It seems you we have us go out and Weep: Troth, replied I think its the best way, for if you tarry he you'll do nothing but quarrel.*

35.

A Burgefs of the City, of *Lucen*, who had not been at Confession for three Years, intended to purge himself against the time *Pentecost*, and therefore repaired to the Confessor, who understanding of him, that he had not been Absolved in so long a time, told him he thought it impossible for him by heart, to recite all his Sins, but advised him to go into his Closet, to converse with himself, and enter down in writing whatever he could remember, and that having so done, he should find him easily disposed to give him Absolution. The Burgefs went his way with great dissatisfaction; and the more he considered, the less Account he could give, and the more he was at a loss. So that by the Way meeting an intimate Friend, who asked him the occasion of his Melancholy; he told him all the Cause of his Pensiveness and Dissatisfaction. And

ing so done, What, says his Friend, and
 hast thou lived all this while in the World,
 and knowest not how to get a Register of thy
 Faults? Well, I will put thee in the same
 method that I used my self; for as often as
 I prepare my self to go to confession, I irri-
 gate my Wife with a good Thump or two, who
 keeping a large Catalogue of my Faults, not
 only puts me in Mind of all that I have done
 amiss, but also of what I never thought on;
 so that I am immediately provided with such
 a Bed-roll of Sins, as are enough to move an
 infidel to absolve me. Transported with this
 reasonable Advice, the Burgesse hastes Home
 without delay to put it in Execution. At
 this Entrance he put on a Countenance of
 high Anger and Displeasure, the black Pre-
 sage of a threatening Tempest; a mighty
 Thunder roar'd in his words, which made the
 House to shake again, and presently a vio-
 lent Storm of flaps and blows, discharged
 it self about the Ears and Skirts of his Wife.
 The good Woman, not used to such Hurri-
 canes, felt a strange Emotion at this usage;
 all the Choler within her was moved, and of
 a sudden it boiled out at her Mouth, in such
 a Stream of nauseous Stuff as if the Galls of
 all the Scolds at *Billinggate* had been cast in a
 heap together: You would have thought
 she had been reckoning up the Impieties of
 all the Sons of *Adam*. She used more Im-
 precations than Witches do Charms to raise
 the

the Devil upon a Sunday, and opening the Sluice of her Throat, out gusht such a number of Rogues, Thieves, Villains, Crack-Ropes, Usurers, Vagabonds, Drunkards, Gamesters, Blasphemers, Gluttons, Whoremasters, and Rake-shames, as if all the infernal Legions had been broke loose; Nor she had much ado, in the heat of her Passion to forbear calling him Cuckold; but this (being a Cause reserved for the Bishop) she would not declare. The good Man set down all in his Pocket-Book. And perceiving that she grew silent. Dear Heart, said he, hast thou reckon'd up all? Yes, said she, I am purged, upon which he gave her a blow upon the Nose, that the blood flew out; Dear Heart, quoth he, thou knowest that after Purgation comes Blood-letting: But upon this the Tempest grew so high as cannot be expressed, from Words it came to Extremities, she threw a Pot at his Head, and turned all things Toppie-Turvie, and with a shrill Voice, cried out, Thieves, Thieves, Oh I am killed! At this lamentable noise the Neighbour Women (who hold together like Cypresses in a Throng) came in upon him from all quarters, they buzzed about his Ears like a Swarm of Wasps, and beat him so severely, that he had never any Intention to purchase a Catalogue of his Sins at so dear a rate.

A Gentleman was none the less Hearing of this miserable Story, every week he was a Miserable

Four Villagers and told the dens of the fired by (or Cast) sure, but the same Story next Sunday. The poor Horse, and off his stock upon only on a bunch to; he rode they prided, and they all the praiseworthy the praiseworthy to help muffled

36.

A Gentleman coming into a Quire, where
was none of the best Musick in the World,
Hearing them singing, *Have mercy upon us*
miserable Sinners; Ay, says he, They might
very well have said, *Have mercy upon us mi-*
serable Singers.

37.

Four Cheats met a Curate of a Country
Village upon *Nostre Dame Bridge* in *Paris*;
and told him they were the Church-War-
dens of a Country Village, and had been de-
sired by their Curate to buy him a Chasuble,
(or Cassock;) that they had forgot the mea-
sure, but he being (as they thought) of the
same Stature, they prayed him to go into the
next Shop that they might fit one to him:
The poor Curate assented, alight from his
Horse, and entred the Shop, and having cast
off his upper Garments, they put on a Cas-
sock upon him, which seemed to fit very well,
only on one side of the Breast there appeared
a bunch, or knob, which they enquiring in-
to, he told them it was his Purse of Money;
they prayed him to take it out; which he
did, and laid it on the Counter; so then
they all agreed that the Cassock fitted ad-
mirable well, and began to discourse about
the price, when one of them pretending
to help the Curate off with the Cassock, so
muffled up his Head in it, that they found
Opportunity to run away with the Purse of

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Money; the Curate, as soon as he could perceive what was done, ran after them with the Cassock on his Shoulders, the Shop-keeper pursues the Curate, who being soon overtaken, was fain to restore the Cassock; and to whoop for his Purse of Money from the Church-wardens of a Troop of Horse.

38.

Another Story of the famous *Cambden* shall put a Period to Cloister Jest.s, and if seem harsh to any of that Cloath, I hope they will not think that the Words of a *Jew* concerning Christians are to be look'd upon as Slanders.

He tells you, that an Arch-Deacon named (perhaps for the once) *Peccatum*, or *Peche*, Dean Rural, called *De Vill*, and a certain *Jew* travelling together in the Marches of *Wales*, when they came to a Place named *Ill-Street*, the Arch-Deacon said to his Dean That their Jurisdiction began there, and reached to *Mall-pass*. The *Jew* considering the names of Arch-Deacon, and Dean, with the Limits, said by way of Allusion, That it would be wonderful if he got out of that

Jurisdiction, where *Sin* Arch-Deacon, the Dean, the Dean, and the Bound *Ill-Street* and *Mall-pass* t.

† *Camb. Rem.*
Page 141.

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C O N T A I N I N G

City and Country Jest.

I,

A Humorous School-master, one Morning as he was washing of his hands, calls one of his higher Boys to him, Here, you Boy, said he, What is *Latin* for a Ladder, the Youth answered *Scala*; Fye, Fye, quoth *P. D.* What an *Asinego* you are? Prithee tell me what is *Latin* for a Lad? *Adolescens*, replieth the Youth: Very well! quoth the Master; And cannot you form the Comparative degree of that? *Adolescentior*, said the Boy: Ay, Ay, quoth *Ignoramus*, now thou hast done it it like a Scholar indeed.

2.

A *Welchman* being put into a certain *Jayl* for Sheep stealing, was like to famish; so the *Jayler* committed him to be Chained to a

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Post

Post near the Road to beg Alms of Passengers
 It happened one day that a Gentleman of his
 Country passing by, and seeing of him in that
 miserable condition, threw him a half Crown
 with which he purchased a Loaf, and a good
 Cheese, and in the Evening, having eat as
 much as he liked, he sat up the rest in a hole
 of the wall, just over the place where he lay.
 There were in the same Room about Fifty or
 Sixty Fellons, some of which perceiving when
 the *Welchman* was asleep, went and robbed his
 Pantry, making his Store invisible in an in-
 stant. The next Morning poor *Taffey's* Bel-
 ly cries Cupboard, but in vain, the Bird was
 flown, there was no relief. He asks of one,
Tid you see hur Pread and Shees? No. Of
 another the same Question, *Tid you see hur*
Pread and Shees? and was answered at the
 same rate, and so by all the Prisoners. At last
 the Turn-key opens the Door, by which he
 let them into a large Court to Air themselves,
 but the *Welchman* no sooner saw the Keeper,
 but he Addresses himself to him to this pur-
 pose. *Master Stone*, quoth he, *you know that*
bur Countryman was give bur a *sheorge* Yester-
 day, and bur was py a Loaf and *Shees*, was
 eaten a litle for shapper, and put the rest in
 her Putry, when her co to ped, and wen was
 wake tis mornning, was all con, ask every pody
 no, ty say no, no pody know what is pecom on
 bur: I protest to Cod, *Master Stone*, 'tis you
 keep such Order in dis House, here is no
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pody com pefore long. The Keeper could not forbear to laugh heartily at the monstrous Simplicity of the poor *Welchman*: who ever after carried what Viſtuals ſoever he had in a Wallet tied faſt to his Back day and night.

3.

A great Gallant being at a Friend's houſe at Dinner had promiſed to viſit a certain Utenſil called a Miſs in the Afternoon, but the Company having lock'd him in faſt at Cards, would by no means give him leave to depart; upon which he calls his Boy, and bids him go to ſuch a place, and deliver a Meſſage; whiſpering him in the Ear; that at his return he ſhould be ſure to answer him to all Questions he demanded, as if it were a Gentleman, and not a Lady to whom he had been ſent, that ſo the Company might not underſtand. The Boy being diſpatched with theſe Inſtructions, returned after ſome time, and his Maſter asked him aloud before the Company, What, was the Gentleman at Home? Yes, Sir, ſaid the Boy, what did he ſay? Sir, he ſaid you might appoint any other time; What was he doing of? Sir, he was putting on his Hood and Scarf to go to Maſs, ſaid the Boy: Upon which diſcovery the whole Company ſmiled, eſpecially the Ladies; and the Gentleman was ſufficiently angry with himſelf for putting the Queſtion ſo far.

4.

A Gentleman having an excellent Servant and of a very pleasant Humour, took great delight often to discourse with him. One Day, said the Servant to his Master, What is the difference betwixt Truth and Reason? In Troth I do not know, says the Master. No, says the Man; What if your Nose were in my Br-----? there would be Truth in that; but is there any Reason for it? None at all, quoth the Master; why then you see there is a difference, said he, but if your Nose were in my Br-----? Which would you rather have cut off, your Nose or my Breech? Tush, quoth the Master, I had rather a thousand times that thy Buttocks were cut off, Why, then in good earnest, Sir, quoth the Man, you would have a large pair of Spectacles.

5.

A Gentlewoman was very importunate with a Gentleman, newly come from Oxford, to teach her to write, Your humble Servant, in Latin, he, willing to play the wag with her, told her the newest Compliment in Mode was to subscribe, Your Retromingent Servant, which for the more Security of writing, he set down for her: In a little time after the Lady had a Letter from a Gentleman who courted her, and to the answer which she returned she subscribed her self, Your Retromingent Servant, whereat the Gentleman

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Gentleman was much surprized, but upon Enquiry found she had been innocently imposed upon.

6.

When Queen *Elizabeth* sent a Commission of Oyer and Terminer down into *Lancashire* for trying the Witches, a silly old Man that lived about twenty Miles distant, apprehending that the Business had been only to discover who were Witches; and not to punish them, would needs go speak with the Judges to be satisfied whether he were a Witch or no, for he had had a great Suspicion of himself, by reason of a Wart he had under his right Arm. Accordingly one Morning very early he foots it away for *Lancaster*; and came there about three in the Afternoon, when pressing into the Hall, he was espied by some of the Bench, who, imagining by the bustle he made, that he had been a Witness, order'd the Sheriffs Men to make way for him, when coming near the Bench, they ask'd him what his business was there? The old Man opening his Bosom, told the Bench that he had a very suspicious Tear under one of his Arms, and had a long time been doubtful of himself, and that now understanding that the Queen's good Grace had sent their Worships there to try who were Witches, he was come twenty Miles to know their Opinions. There was no one could forbear smiling at the simple Ignorance

ance of the old Man, it moved the Grave of the very Bench, at last one of the Cler^g beckoning to him, told him, *He were best home, that the Opinion of the Court was, he look more like an old Cuckold than a Witch.* When upon the old Man trudg'd home, and having acquainted his Wife with the Opinion of the Court, she advised him to take another Journey to Lancaster to acquaint the Court, *That if themselves had not been Witches, they could never have known him to have been a Cuckold.*

7.

A Frenchman that had been for some time at Southampton, went afterwards to the Isle of Jersey, and walking one day upon the Pill or Key there, it happen'd that a small Vessel from Southampton touched there; the Frenchman hailed the Ship, with a ho! vance you Ship, one of the Crew answer'd, from Hampton, quoth the Frenchman, *You know my Cousin a-port Hampton? How can I know your Cousin, says the Seaman, unless you tell me his Name, vell, said the Monsieur, Count a Moy, be dat nib nab of the Grasse in your Countree, and ven you come to dat me vill tell you, there is, replied the Seaman, a Cow, a Sheep, a Coney and a Horse that eat Grasse; Ay, quoth the Frenchman, vat call you de Mother of dat, a Mare, says the Seaman, very good, replied he, de Mare, ay de Mare of Hampton, he my Cousin, he won, two, tree, four fine Daughter, make Water in my mouth twenty time,*

8. In

In a certain Village of *Normandy*, a poor Countryman had killed a Hog, and it being the custom there for the Neighbours on such occasions to send some Parts of it to one another, this Man had received so many Obligations in that kind, that if he had sent abroad all the pieces of his Hog, it could not have presented half those to whom he was beholden, so he desired the Advice of a friend what to do, who advised him to hang his Pig so at his Chamber window, that it might be easily taken by Thieves, and the next morning to give out that it was stolen, which will certainly prevent their expectation of any present from him. The Man liked the advice, and accordingly hung out his Hog, where it might be easily taken: He that gave him the advice failed not to come in the night and take it away. The next morning missing his Pig, he could not forbear cursing the Invention of his Neighbour, which he had approved the night before. The first he met was the same Neighbour, to whom he said presently, Oh! Neighbour, my Pig is stolen, Good, says he, *so you ought to say*, Ay but, said t'other, I am in good earnest, it is really taken from me, Very well, quoth his Neighbour, *maintain it always thus, and all the World will believe you*; then he began passionately to swear and deny that he mocked, but the more he

is Parturvet, and Paw; the Horse did all with his incomparable Grace, and the Groom was not a little proud that the Gentleman passed soving many Commendations upon the Horse. In London, the Gentleman put a Guinea into the Groom's hand, telling him, in the Ear, *That the last time he would be there again with the same Horse the Morrow, about that time, and only carry it with it as if the Horse were his, it should be worth him another Guinea.* The Groom told the Gentleman he never failed to be there. About that time of day, to water his Horse, the Groom said that he should be very ready to serve him, and so they parted.

Now, perhaps, you will say, what of all this? Where is the wit of it? Here is Patience spent to good purpose; and some too may call a Man Cock's-comb for writing such a Story; why e'en so let 'em, if thy please, but if they will have a little Patience they may see the Horse again an by.

The Gentleman in the Evening being at the Queen's-head among his Club and Acquaintance (after a Glass or two of Pontack, spoke to them to this effect. *Gentlemen, ye are all my Friends, and how I have lived ye know, and that a younger Brother's Fortune is but a small Estate, for a Gentleman to live upon here in London, unless it be ek'd out with a Wife of Twenty or Thirty Thousand Pound, or so; but none of these Chances fall to my Lot; and since I have been so long in vain pursuing the*
blind

London-Jesse.

blind Goddeß, I am e'en resolved to sell
Horse, which, perhaps, is none of the worst
Town, and so melt it down to good Claret,
wash away the thoughts on't; Six-score Ge-
neas have been refused for him, and here
seven of us, we will each of us lay down Twen-
ty Pounds, and cast Dice, one of us may have
a Horse of Seven-score Pounds for Twenty.
What say ye, Gentlemen; is it fairly offered
or no? Very fair, they all replied, only pro-
mised Jack, let us have the honour to see this
fine Horse, before we throw Dice: With all
my Heart (said he) meet me but to morrow
at the Swan about Eleven, and you shall not
fail to see him; a little after they considered
that it was good to rest after a glass of
Wine, and so they parted; That night you
may be sure all, but the Gentleman, dreamed
they had this fine Horse for Twenty Pound,
and were Impatient till eleven a Clock was
come; so they met according to Promise,
and the Groom, as usually, was Riding his
brave Horse to water: Come, said he, here is
the Groom; at which they went into the
Street; and when they had viewed him, they
thought his Owner had put but too low a
price upon him; every one admired the
beauty of the Horse; the Groom acted his
part very well; and after he had shewed all
his Paces, as the day before, go Robin, said
the Gentleman, ride softly home, and Curry
him well after his Water: They returned
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into the Tavern, every one hoping to be Master of that Princely Horse, called for the Dice without more ado, every Man down with his Twenty Pound, only the Gentleman that past for Owner, stood for Twenty five Pound, the Horse being his. So the Dice being thrown, it fell to one of them, (for it could not well to more) to have the Horse, which all the rest (being good Friends) congratulated. The Gentleman took up the Sixscore Pounds, and after they had drunk the Horse's health, they parted; only the Gentleman that had the good Fortune to win the Horse, went with the other to have him delivered. By the way, says he that had won the Money, *Tom*, I am resolv'd to go no farther, before I undeceive thee; Thou thinkest to have this Horse, but the Devil a Horse have I, I shewed you a fine one, but it was as much yours as mine before; but dear *Tom*, I wanted Money, and this Trick by chance came into my Head, so told him over the Story; Now *Tom*, said he, every one was willing to venture his Twenty Pounds, and they are in the same Predicaments, as if thou really hadst the Horse, here's thy Twenty Pounds again, thou art no loser, I have gain'd a Hundred Pounds, God-a-mercy Horse.

You may be sure *Tom* kept Counsel, because he had no Mind to be laugh'd at. Some Men would have drawn Bills for ten Thousand

and Pounds, while I have been telling this hundred pound Story, and shan't get Two-pence by it.

10.

And now to make amends for the long-winded Story, I will tell you a short one, and it is this; On a Market-day, comes an Archer by the Crowd, and necking an Arrow, as if he intended to shoot, said with a loud Voice, *Now have at a Cuckold*, a Woman (thinking he levelled that way, and her Husband being by her) Cries out, *Stand away Husband, stand away Husband*; Why you silly Jade, quoth he, I am no Cuckold, am I? *No, no*, quoth she, *but you don't know how a plaguy Arrow may glance.*

11.

A Buffoon having displeased his Lord, he made after him to correct him, the Buffoon ran a pretty way, but at last his Master caught him, and having never a Stick, gave him a Kick on the Breech; whereupon the Varlet let a great F---, Come out you stinking Rascal, said his Lord; Why, Sir, replied he, you are my Master, and I must answer you at the same Dore you knock at.

12.

A *Welch* Shentleman, being at a great Fair, where was a Mew of Hawks to be Sold, and observing that divers Knights and others, went in and gave three Pound, five Pound, or ten Pound for a Bird, thought it was the Fashion

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Fashion for Gentlemen to buy those kind of Fowl, and seeing on one Side of the Room an Owl sit more Majestically than the rest (which was only kept there for Hawks meat) demanding of the Owner, *Wat was the price on her?* The *Faulkner* (perceiving his Simplicity) ask'd him five Pounds; *Ear, ear was hur mony, put hur hither,* and as soon as he had her in his Hand, he twists off her Neck, and took her to his Man, saying, *Coe, coe, carry her home to hur Landlady, pid hur tresp bur for Tinner, bur can eat a cood Tish as well as the pest on hur.*

13.

Two Irish Men meeting one another near *Charing-Cross*, demanded each of other where their Lodgings were, quoth *Dennis*; *by my shole man, me Lodging ish at de Sign the flying Man, in King-street,* says the other, *Be Shaint Patrick, and me Lodging ish at de little Horse, wy de Barber's-pole on his head be Shaint James's.*

14.

A young Widow, who was not deformed, having lately buried a Reverend Old Husband, called old *Simon*, had been so used to a Bed-fellow, that she could not sleep without one, but could brook the thoughts of none but her dear Husband; and for his sake, she ordered a Carver to make her a Statue of Wood, as near his Figure as he could; which every night, being well warmed,

ed, had a Shirt and Night-Cap put on, and was laid by her side, in remembrance of her dear Husband, that she might at least still embrace him in Effigy. This Trade she had drove ever since the Death of her Husband, and would by no means admit the Courtship of any Suitors. At length a young Gentleman that had a great Passion for her, had (by the Intercession of some Guineas) prevailed with her Maid to lay him one Night in the place of old Simon, and the Widow came to Bed to him; and casting her Hand over her dear Statue, she felt, she thought, a more agreeable warmth than usual, nay, she fancied that it was alive, and had motion; she was not afrighted at it, (which is wonderful) but by degrees came closer and closer to her Side-mate, till at length they came very close together; by which she perceived that it was not her Wooden Bed-fellow. In the Morning the Maid called at the Chamber Door, as she us'd to do. *Madam, what will you please to have for Dinner?* She replied, *Roast the Turkey that was brought in Yesterday, I oil a Leg of Mutton, and Colly-Flowers, and get a good Dish of dried Fruit.* *Madam* (says the Maid) *I think we have hardly Billets enough for a quick Fire? You may burn old Simon, quoth she, burn old Simon.*

15.

There lived in a Country Village an Idle Companion, who loved his Pot better than

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his Bed, and being till about One in the Morning at an Ale-house, in Company with a Crew as good as himself, says he, *I wish one good Fellow or other, would go lie with my Wife, in my stead this while ; Why, saith John (said one of the Company) I will, if thou wilt have it so ; with all my heart, says John ; But how shall I get in ?* says the other, *Why, replied he, you may find the Key in the hole of the Kitchen-window.* Away goes Will, takes the Key, gets into the Room without any words, lays down his Cloaths very orderly, and goes to Bed to Grissel, giving her such an Entertainment as she was not used to, and having served up second Course, puts on his Cloaths again, and goes to his Company. As he was coming down the Stairs, he heard poor Grissel say, *He came in like John, and went out like John, I pray G. be be John.*

16.

A Gallant that made Courtship to a Virtuous young Lady, when he used to confirm any thing, would always swear by his Soul it was true, and one Time as he was avouching somewhat with his usual Oath, she said to him, Sir, when you come again, pray bring another Pawn, for your Soul is forfeited.

17.

John Cross, and Joan Cross, used to lead hands to Shi--- together, and being one day hard at it, something fell from Joan with an unusual

unusual Noise, quoth *John*, do you Pi the first c
Love? No, replied *Joan*, I Shi---Hony. is new M

18.

A young Gentleman who had been a long time in *Italy*, returning to *Spain*, to the City of his Nativity, found a young Lady (for whom from his Childhood he had a great *Passion*) married to an Ancient Gentleman about 6 or 7 Leagues distant; he was violently perplex'd at the News, that he had no satisfaction of his Life; at length a Kinsman of his, that had an inward Friendship for him, pressing him to shew the Cause of his so great dissatisfaction, he frankly importuned the whole Matter to him, telling him withal, that it was impossible he could live without the Enjoyment of her. This Kinsman happened to have Acquaintance with the Old young married Man, and understanding by him one day that he wanted one to wait on him in his Chamber, he offered him the Service of this young *Enamorette*, giving him the Character of one well descended, but (by some losses his Father had sustained in the Wars in *Flanders*) reduced to a Condition far below his Birth and Education; the Motion liked the old Gentleman very well; but pleased the young Gallant infinitely more, when by this means he understood there was a probability of Access to the Object of his Affections; you need not doubt but the young Gentleman took

the first opportunity, to present himself to
 his new Master : In short, he was very well
 received and approved of, under the borrow-
 ed Name of *Fabricius* ; his Service was very
 acceptable to his Master, but the frequent
 interviews that passed betwixt him and his
 Mistress, were much more agreeable to the
 servant. After he had continued there a
 Month or two, he found an Opportunity
 to discover himself to his Mistress ; but no
 sooner was she satisfied that it was the same
 Person, who from his very Childhood had
 entertain'd a Kindness for her, and for
 whom she had no less Tenderness, (though
 his Travel, Stature and Absence had some-
 what changed him, besides the disguise of
 this quality,) I say, as soon as she understood
 that for her sake he had put himself into
 that Figure, she was so Transported at the
 welcome discovery, that she could not for-
 bear casting her Arms about his Neck, and
 giving him the Assurance, that his Love
 should be recompenc'd with all the return
 he could desire : Nay, she appointed
 that very Night to accomplish her Promise,
 and give him that long'd for Enjoyment he
 so much coveted : She order'd him to come
 into her Chamber, in nothing but his Shirt,
 at Midnight, and she would take care for
 the rest : The Door being left open, the
 Lover comes at the time, and softly ap-
 proaching the Side of the Bed, took her
 gently

gently by the Hand, to give her notice that he was ready; whereupon taking hold of the flap of his Shirt, she whisper'd him in the Ear, that he should not be disturbed at anything he should hear; and then began to direct course unto her Husband after this manner.

My dear Husband, I perceive you have entertain'd so extraordinary an Opinion of your Man Fabricius, that it would be very hard for any one to go about to perswade you he seeks to dishonour you, and that his business in your House is only to find an Opportunity to fix upon you the shameful Ignominy of a horned Heifer. It was but this day that he took the boldness to communicate to me his lewd Intentions, (at which Fabricius was in the greatest astonishment imaginable, and was just a going to fly out of the Room to avoid that Storm, which he thought just falling upon him, but she gently wringing his hand, gave him a Signal not to be dismay'd, and thus proceeded :) He would not cease his base Importunities, until I promised to meet him in the Garden about Twelve this night, there to Condescend to his best Desires; and it being now about the time, I question not but he expects the performance of my Promise, and it being dark, if you slip on your Night-Gown, and a Cornet on your Head, you may, doubtless, be satisfied, that you are the most deceived Man in the World, for consulting so much to the Integrity of that false Rascal, and Villain Fabricius. She had scarce ended before

the poor deluded Man had put on her
Gown, and head-dress, and immediately re-
paired to the Garden, there expecting the
coming of the Betrayer of his Honour, whilst
his subtle Wife, took that very opportunity
to enjoy her loose satisfaction, and *Fabricius*
passed the place he ought to have had in his
Wife's Embraces. After they had in this sort
passed away some time, she told her Lover by
what means he should not only wipe away
his Master's ill Opinion, but confirm him
more in his Favour: *Fabricius* liking her craft-
y Device, takes a Cane in his hand, and ha-
stens to the Garden, where his Master had
with great impatience expected him; and
perceiving whereabouts he was, he comes to-
wards him, speaking with a low Voice, *Ma-*
am, are you there? The besotted Man repli-
ed with a counterfeit Voice, *Yes, my heart, I*
have expected you here a great while; At which
Fabricius discharged such a load of Bastina-
ces on the poor Man, that he was fain to
hasten to his Chamber to escape as much as
he could of the dreadful Storm; *Fabricius*
pursued him with his Cane, calling him base
and perfidious Strumpet; *What! wicked Wo-*
man, couldst thou believe that Fabricius could
possibly have been so unworthy, to defile the Bed
of the most Obliging Master in the World?
Couldst thou imagine me to be guilty of such
base Ingratitude? No, monstrous Strumpet, I
will in the behalf of my good Master chastise
thee,

thee, for the loose and wicked Inclinations so that
hadst, to have wronged; he still pointed with fo
 Discourse with a lusty thrub or two over it happ
 Shoulders, so that the poor Man (tho it was
 basely bruised and beaten) yet went springing
 Bed to his Cockatrice with great Joy: *over a F*
 ling her, that she had been very ill hand they yiel
 had she been there, and that he was glad
 had undergone the Storm for her, and A Cou
 doubtless *Fabricius* was the most faith about a
 Servant in the World. So he became Token t
 Cuckold, beaten, and content, and fo leman
 tisfied with his Valet, that if he had young St
 him lie with his Wife, he would not in the K
 believed it. on it, I a

19.

A *French* and *English* Ambassador being fullest A
 a Foreign Court together, there arose ne) that
 great Emulation among their Servants, w fortune,
 ther of the two Nations exceeded in po sweet y
 of Courage and Activity; two of them Ch many a F
 langed one the other to make tryal of th that ever
 Valour, in the presence of their Master n a Mo
 and being one Day walking toward a Wi shall co
 mill, a *Frenchman* took hold of one of senger of
 Fans, as it was driven round with whilst he
 Wind, and permitting his Body to be stance of
 ried round in the Air, came down upon the adjoy
 Feet with great handfomness. An *Engl only spo*
man seeing that, seized one of the and that
 with a kind of eager Rashness, and be man ther
 carried up in the Air, his Head failed hi ng thiti

ions so that the Fan descending, cast him off
 nted with some violence upon the Ground, but
 over it happened the first part of him that saluted
 (tho it was his Breech, from whence suddenly
 ent springing upon his Feet, Now, says he, let
 oy: *ever a Frenchman of you all do that*, at which
 hand they yielded him the Day.

20.

and t A Country Farmer coming up to the Term
 faith about a Law Suit, had from his Landlord a
 became Token to deliver to his Son (a young Gen-
 and so leman of the *Temple*;) when he came to the
 had young Student's Chamber, he found a Note
 not in the Key-hole, with these words, written
 on it, *I am gone to the Devil*; upon reading
 whereof the poor Farmer fell into the dread-
 being fullest Apprehensions imaginable, *Alas!* (said
 arose he) *that ever it should be my Landlord's Mis-*
 fortune, *to send his Son to this wicked place,*
 in poor sweet young Gentleman, *that cost his Father*
 em many a Pound to bring him up to Learning; and
 l of the that ever he should come to this ungodly Town,
 Master in a Month or two's time to go to the Devil;
 a Wife I shall certainly be hanged for being the Mes-
 senger of such evil Tydings to his Father; and
 whilest he was tearing his Beard, with abun-
 dance of the like Lamentations, a Student of
 the adjoyning Chamber told him, That note
 only spoke of the Devil Tavern there by,
 and that doubtless he might find the Gentle-
 man there: Whereupon the Farmer repair-
 ing thither, presented his Landlord's Son
 with

with his Father's Token, and then told him the cruel fright he had been in upon perusing the Note. Whereat the Gentlemen heartily laughed, and gave the Farmer warm an Entertainment, that at his return into the Country, he told his Friends he never fared better in his Life than he had at the Devil. Whereat they were not a little surprized.

21.

A Country Baker having Occasion to call at the House of a certain Justice of Peace, as he was riding out through a great Court, saw a parcel of fat Geese, and fairly caught up one of them, and clapt into his wicker Pannier; The Justice by chance espying him at one of his Windows, calls after him saying, Baker, Baker! To whom the Baker replied, I will, Sir, I will, and rid away as fast as he could. Some days after the Justice sent a Warrant for him; and commanded of him, how he durst to carry away his Goose in that manner? To which he replied, I have done nothing but what your Worship commanded me; For your Worship bid me Bake her, and that I had done, in a good Pye, and drank your Worship's Health at the eating of it. The Justice for the Jest's sake excused the Business and discharged the Baker.



22.

A Gentlewoman walking along the Street in a very genteel Garb, having an excellent hap'd Body, and a youthful Gate, was overtaken by a Gallant; who observing so much attraction in all that he had seen, took an occasion to get before her, to see what kind of Face Nature had plac'd upon that Admireable Body, and not doubting but it must be incomparably Transcendent, craved the Favour of her to lift up her Hood, and give him a Prospect of that World of Beauty, which he thought lay concealed under that noble Veil; the Lady (used to Civility) answered his Request, and shewed him a Monument of Deformity, joyn'd to one of the finest Bodies he had ever seen; upon which starting back) he said, *Madam, had your Face been answerable to the Mein and Figure of your Body, I should have took the boldness to have saluted you, but that matchless Face of yours, hath given a check to these Inclinations;* to which (turning her Posteriors) she replied, *Then, Sir, you may e'en Kiss where you like best.*

23.

Another Gentlewoman who was not look'd upon as Superannuate, and had besides a Fortune would have kept her still in the Teens, had notwithstanding the Misfortune to have a Breach so pestiferous, that it would have killed Love dead at a furlong distance;

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stance;

stance, nay, some affirmed that it was impossible the most Ardent Lover should maintain his Flame alive one Minute in the Room where she was. This contagious Air had caused many a gay Pretender (for his Health's sake) to remove out of it: So that at length she was forced to conceal that Offensive Stench, with such a Profusion of Odours, if she had carried all the Aromatics of the Indies about her: All her upper Deck, Corset, Gloves, Knots, Skin, and all were daub'd with Civit, Musk, Orodium, and Jessamines, as if all the Perfumers in Town had at once opened all their Essences: So that if she had a Jakes in her Mouth, you could not have discerned it the length of the Nose. This attractive Sweetness had brought a great many new Servants; amongst others, one who having spent the Evening in laying a close Siege against the Aromatick Castle, at parting had obtain'd the Favour to wear her Shoe-string, and stooping to take it, his Nose discover'd a strange change of Air, (for she had trod in some what not so sweet as a Rose) upon which the Gentleman cried out, *What strange perfume is here?* She imagining it had been all Amber, replied, with a pretty kind of Simplicity, *Sir, it is but my Natural Scent;* upon which the Pretension to the Shoe-string ceased, and the Gentleman departed, saying, *The Nature that produced that Scent, was*

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Strong for his Embraces : She very much admired the Occasion of this strange Change of her Servant, and could by no Means imagine the Reason, till having Undress'd, and going into Bed, she found a very great Sympathy between her natural Scent, and somewhat that stuck to her Shoe, by which she soon perceiv'd what was in the Wind.

24.

One calling another Dog, he replied, *Hadst thou called me Puppy, I should have laid thee over thy Ears* ; Why, says the other, is there so great Difference between those two ? *Yes,* quoth the other, *a Puppy is a foolish young Beast, but a Dog is Elder, and Age is Honourable in any Thing.*

25.

A Foot-Post coming into a Cottage between *Paris* and *Lyons*, desired an old Woman who lived there, to help him to some Water ; in the mean time he seized upon a large Clove of *Garlick*, which lay on the Salt-box by the Fire, and dipping it in the Salt, was just skrumpling it between his Teeth, when the old Woman returned, she perceiving what he had done, bid him get out like a Boogar-Dog as he was, for he had eaten her Subpositor.

26.

A Fellow with one Eye, meeting another who was Crook-back'd, said jeeringly to him, *You are Laden very Early this Morning ;*

D 2

Yes,

Yes, said the other, I perceive it is very Early, for you have opened but one of your Windows.

27.

It happened that a Coach full of Ladies were over-turned upon the Road, and the Heels chanced to be out at the upper-side; one of them perceived herself uncovered, called to her Page to cover her Breasts; the Page replied, *Madam, among so many I know not which it is.*

28.

A Cheat in *Paris*, having a Mind to Trick himself, and his Accomplices at the Charge of another Person, went to a Cook's near the Vale of *Misera*, having a Porter with him. Sir, said he to the Cook, the Curate of this Parish, who is my Uncle, hath sent me here to take up Provision for my Wedding Dinner, and if you send one of your Servants with me, he shall bring your Money; whereupon the Cook loaded the Porter with the best Provision he had in his House, and sent his Boy with them to bring the Money. The Cheat led them through divers Streets, until he brought them to *St. Jacques* in the Butchery; when he said to the Boy, we will go in here to my Uncle, whilst the Porter tarries at the Door, which the Boy (being willing to be dismissed) consented to; they went in, and the first Priest they met withal, the Cheat went to him, and whispered him in the Ear, saying

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is saying, I have here brought you a poor Boy
that is Distracted, but with a strange Kind of
Madness, for he believes every one to owe
him money; and holds no other Discourse,
but of demanding Money of all People he
meets withal; Sir, I desire you to oblige me
so far as to pray with him: To which the
Priest consenting, the Cheat said with a
loud Voice, will you not presently dispatch
him? Yes, said the Priest. Whereupod the
Cook's Boy (understanding he had no more
to do but to stay and receive his Money)
permitted the Cheat to march off with the
Porter; who were soon gone where they
never intended to be discovered. The Priest
having finished his Orisons, comes to the
Boy, bidding him to kneel: There is no
need to kneel (says the Boy) to receive my
Money: the Priest then verily believing his
Madness to be upon him, perswaded him to
lay by those strange Fancies and Conceits,
and fell to Counselling of him; but the Boy
not edified with his Discourse, persisted to
demand his Money. They were a long time
in this Discourse, till the Priest began to sus-
pect the Cheat, and perceived they were
both deceived. The Priest bid the Boy go
home, and send for a religious Man to pray
with the Cook his Master.

29.

One saying that it was credibly reported,
that the Devil was Dead; quoth another,
D 3 And

And who do they say shall Inherit his Land?
Why (says the first) they say thy Wife is ne
of Kin to him, and that it will fall to her; The
Devil she is (replied he) then I am like
be in Heir Tayl.

30.

A Woman that had acquired the Reputation of Out-scolding *Billingsgate*, drowning the Noise of *Bow-Bell*, and making more Harm ny than fourteen Midwives, when they are half Drunk, after her Decease, had this inscribed for her Epitaph.

Here lies a Woman, Who can deny it?
She died in Peace, tho' she liv'd Unquiet;

Walk

Her Husband prays that (if o'er her Grave you
You would tread soft, for if she Wake she'll Talk

31.

An old toping Companion, having fallen soaking in an Ale-house, in a Country Market-Town, two or three Days, was at last grown so Tipsey, that he could not discern a Horse from a Mouse-trap, and stepping out in the Street to make Water, he kept a heavy bustle to find the Premises; which an Arch Wag perceiving, he came behind him, and clapt up his Thumb betwixt his Legs: the old Soldier took hold of his Thumb instead of somewhat else, and fairly let the warm Water fall out at his Hose.

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Three young *Students*, travelling on the Road, after Supper playing a Game at *Fables*, one of them had the Misfortune to lose his Money; whereat he cursed, and swore so unreasonably, as made the others afraid what would befall him for his great *Blasphemies*; notwithstanding they had often admonished him to forbear, and ask God forgiveness. At length he having lost all, was the first that went to Bed, and left the other two at Play; who perceiving him to be fast asleep, resolved to put some Trick on him, for the Many Oaths and Execrations he had used that Night, and so carefully putting out all the Fire, they also extinguish'd the Candle, but kept rattling the Dice, and moving the Men, talking to one another, as if they had been still at Play: At length one of them awakens him, to decide a cast of Dice which was in debate between them, still talking to one another, as if the Candle had been burning: Upon which he said to them, *You discourse of Play, and I perceive by my Ears you are hard at it, but I do not see any Candle you have to play by?* At which they seemed to admire, saying one to another, *What strange thing is this? That his Eyes appear as well as ever they did, and yet he seeth not the Light of the Candle, but* (said they) *Do you not mock with us? How is it possible that you should not see now your Eyes*

D 4

are

are open? To which he answered with a Protestation, that he did not perceive any Light at all. At which they seemed to be astonished, saying, *Doubtless this is for his horrid Blasphemies, and Impieties, that he that will not see the Light of his Reason, should lose the Light of his Sense:* So they comforted him the best they could, advising him to repent for what he had done amiss, and to set up a Resolution of doing so no more. And so they went into Bed, but the young Man all that Night was in great Agony of Mind, and heartily prayed for Forgiveness, promising an Amendment of Life. And in the Morning when he saw the Light of the Day, he really apprehended that his Sight had been restored to him by Miracle, and afterwards grew one of the soberest Students in the whole College, whereby he gave a good Example, even to those that had jested him into that serious Temper.

33.

Ben. Johnson having an Application made to him by a young Heir, to write an Epitaph on one that had left him a great Estate; and the Poet asking him, What he had done that was Praise-worthy? The Heir would give Account of nothing Memorable that he had done, either on the score of Charity, or any thing else; but that he had lived quietly, and privately, and passed with great Silence to his Grave; but still he pressed to have an Epitaph, to set on his Benefactor's Tomb:

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Ben. at this, asked him how old his Friend was? To which he answered, Two and forty Years: Then said the Poet, I would have you write this upon him.

*Here lies a Man was Born, and Cryed,
Told Two and forty Years, and Dyed.*

34.

One that had received a Blow with a *French Faggot-stick*, at the Sign of the *Flower-de-Luce*, his Friend offering him one Day to go and take a Glas of Wine with him at that House; No, (says he) I go not there where the *French Arms* are without, and the *French Harm* within.

35.

A Gentleman that lived in the remote Parts of *Wales*, having an occasion to go to *Bristol*, and tarry some Time there; upon his return, one of his Cronies asked him, what he had observed in *Bristol*? To which he replied, *Bristol* was a ferry fine place, for that there the Dogs was Spin Roast-meat; alluding to the Wheels, and Turn-spits generally used in the Kitchens there.

36.

A married Man told his Wife that she could call nothing her own, but her Hair-lace and Fillet, and that her very Breech was not her own; which the harmless Creature understanding, let something drop in

the Bed one Night that was not very Odorous; her Husband asking the reason of it she answered; *That whilst her Breech was her own she had Command of it, but now it was his, she should not Command that which belonged to another.*

37.

A Norman of Talaize, being to be Hanged in the beginning of Lent at Paris, when he was on the Gallows, the Executioner asked if he had any thing to say; Nothing, replied he but to desire the People to sing with me a *Salve Regina*. Hereupon every one's Hat went off, and all began to sing; which being ended, the Prisoner desired to know if there were any one of Talaize present, and having found one, said thus unto him, *You may acquaint my Parents, that though by this Death I bring a Reproach upon their Family; yet the Miracle that I have now wrought may be a Comfort to them; for you may acquaint them that I have made a parcel of Cuckoos to sing in Winter: Upon which the Spectators turned their Salve into a Malediction, and left him to receive the Execution of his Sentence.*

38.

One that was born under Capricorn, having a strong Opinion that his Wife had done the Feat, and clapt him on a Cap of Maintenance, contriv'd this Way to satisfy himself of the Matter. He cut off the Spurs of divers young Cocks, and having put some

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soft Wax, or the like into them, to make them
 stick, he came to his Wife, with one of them
 set on upon his Forehead, which seemed as
 if it had grown there; Look here naughty
 Woman (said he) here is some of the Fruit of
 thy Lewdness. Alas! said she, how can that
 be long of me, I never did commit any thing
 of that Kind in my Life! *How darest thou af-*
firm that (continued he) I have prayed to Ju-
piter that I may have so many Horns, as thou
hast been Naught several times, and he hath
sent one Horn here, as a Testimony against thee.
 Nay, quoth she, if it be of *Jupiter's* sending,
 it is in vain to dispute his Register, and I
 must confesse (now I think on't) that once when
 you were at *Chester Fair*, I was prevail'd upon
 by a lussy Fellow of a Groom, but it was
 much against my Inclinations, and I ask
 your's and *Jupiter's* Pardon, with all my
 Heart: A little after he clapt on another
 young Horn, and shewed her, saying, *Look you,*
Housetwife, here is more Villany, thou hast been
at it other times: Indeed, says she, I have a
 very frail Memory, but I perceive *Jupiter* is
 in the right, for I remember another time one
 of the Brewer's Porters----- *Ab! Vile and In-*
famous Woman (said he) and dost thou insist
upon thy Honesty? Now I will never leave
praying to Jupiter, till I have the compleat
Number of thy Treasons, and I do already
feel some more budding forth; Pray Hus-
 band, (said she) let me beg of you upon my
Knees,

Kneees, to leave troubling of *Jupiter*, for we know not but (if you continue Praying) you may be Horns all over.

39.

A Warden of a College hearing a young Gentleman in the Hall at Dinner louder than the rest, sent a Servitor to tell him (from him) *Vir sapit qui pauca Loquitur*. To which the Gentleman (willing that the Warden should understand that the Commons were but short at that Table) wittily returned his Thanks and Service by the same Servitor desiring him to tell Mr. Warden, *Vir Loquitur qui pauca sapit*.

40.

A Nobleman, whose Name was never enrolled amongst the *Grecian Sages* came into his Kitchen one Day before Dinner, and his Cook had chanc'd to have cut off one of the Legs of a fat Goose that was on the Spit, for some particular Friend. My Lord looked very earnestly on the Goose, and asked the meaning how it came to have but one Leg; a Servant replied, *That they use to have no more at some time of the Day*. A little after, his Lordship walking by his Pond, observed the Geese but to stand on one Leg, (as is usual after they have been fed) and presently coming in to the Cook, said, *I perceive it is true what was said, that the Goose hath but one Leg, at some certain Time of the Day; but if thou ever darest again to set one to Roast for*

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me at that Time of Day, I will Discard thee my Service : The Cook replies, that he was not so much a Goose as his Lordship—took him to be; but he would certainly Obey his Lordship's Order.

41.

A Gentleman being sent to come to the Sign of the Horns in *Cat-Eaten-Street*, and coming accordingly, but not knowing the House, asked of an Apprentice thereby, *Sweet-heart, prithee, Where is the Sign of the Horns ?* (The Gentleman at the same time stood just under the Sign) upon which the Lad replied, *Sir, you cannot well see them, but they are exactly over your Head.*

42.

The Town of *Banbury* in *Oxfordshire*, hath been very famous for Brewing good Tipple, which the Inhabitants knew well enough; for the Handicrafts followed it so close, that they had brought almost all their Children to the Charge of the Parish. Mr. Mayor (willing to prevent the further Charge that might ensue from the constant Boofing of the meaner Tradesmen) with the Advice of his Brethren, called a Hall, and made an Order, That no Beer should be Brewed in the Town, that should exceed the strength of Eight Shilling Beer. A certain Black-smith had got the News before the Hall broke up, and as Mr. Mayor and his Brethren were coming by, he put off his Cap to the Mayor, saying,

saying, *Your Worship is Wise*, and to the Aldermen, saying, *Your Worships are Wise*: The Mayor (being informed that the Blacksmith affronted them) sent for him, demanding for *what Reason he had offered that Satire Abuse*. Truly, Mr. Mayor, quoth he, I understand, you and your Brethren have made an Order, that none but small Beer shall be Brewed, and I think it was very wisely done; but withal I must needs tell you, it would look much Wiser, if you would lay your Learned Heads together to make an Order who shall drink it too, for my share I resolve not to drink a drop on't.

43. Some People are so Morose that they will not Laugh, if they are Tickled, or if never so fit Occasion present it self, others again are Giggling and Sneering at their own Fancies, and Caprices: But give me the Man that has the Discretion to lay a good Scene of Mirth, and then know how to make the best Advantage of it, such a one was the young Milliner in *Cheap-side*, who being newly Married, had took a Chamber for himself and Wife, a little distant from the Shop, and happening one Night to be very late at the Tavern, with a young Man of his Acquaintance, that liv'd at the other end of the Town, as they came from the Sack-Shop, said the Milliner to the other, *'Tis unreasonable late, and you have many Watches to pass, therefore if you please, (my dear Acquaintance) you shall lie with me and my*

Wife, and shall take a good headed, the Niwak'd adows, fast alle and slip so haste there, stung travaga for Larver his and wh his Ha ha, also concern cessive modest thee so he) he and yo tell th as any Tavern and la 'em b Coup bear look Ha!

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Wife, and I will lie in the middle, because she shall take no Notice. He was a little heavy-headed, and consented, and so they passed the Night. In the Morning the Milliner wak'd at his usual Hour to open the Windows, and perceiving his Side-mate was fast asleep, very warily crept out of Bed, and slipt on his Cloaths, without Noise, and so hasted to his Shop. But when he came there, never did any one that had been stung with the *Tarantula* Laugh more Extravagantly, he could hardly open his Shop for Laughing, the Tears ran plentifully over his Eyes, he sometimes clapt his Thighs, and wheezed to himself, sometimes spread his Hands, and laugh'd out, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, aloud: The Neighbours were strangely concern'd to know the meaning of this excessive Transport, and one coming up to him, modestly asked him, *Prithee Tom what makes thee so merry this Morning?* Why he! (says he) he! he! why! I shall burst to tell it, and you will e'en burst to hear it; but I'll tell thee, you know *Will*, as Arch a Crack as any is in Town, he and I were late at the Tavern last Night, and so he came home, and lay with me and my Wife; and I left 'em both in Bed together fast asleep, like a Couple of harmless Fools; I cannot forbear laughing, to think how simply they will look upon one another when they wake. Ha! ha! ha! ha! and so fell to laughing again.

again like mad, and the other could not forbear laughing for Company, saying, *Why this would make any one Laugh, that were not made of Wood; in Truth Tom, this is a pleasant one indeed.*

44.

At a considerable Inn, that stood upon the Road, where there were many Passengers, there happened among the rest to come in some Quakers or Friends, who being a sort of People that agree with no Body, so it falls out that no Body agrees with them. After Supper the Company fell into Discourse; and you can seldom miss of a Theam where Friends are. One of the Company was a Debauch'd and Dissolute Swearer, and the more the Company reproved him, he still swore so much the more; one of the Friends concluded that it was done purposely in defiance of the Light. In fine, Words were multiplied, and Oaths abounded so long, till Friend found somewhat of the old Man conjured up within him, and lifting up the Arm of his Flesh, he gave the Blasphemer's outward Man such Chastisement, as made him sensible that Friend had somewhat more than Light within. At length (after much striving on both sides) Friend gave the Swearer a Cant down Stairs, which allarm'd the whole House below; the Landlord calling up to know the meaning of the Noise, was answered, *There is no harm,*

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45.

A Soldier standing in the Church Door, where a Lady was just going to Mass, she desired him to make a little way; to which he gave her a Clownish answer, which moved in her some Dissatisfaction, and judging that it was to no Purpose to expect any Civility from him, she said, *Sir, I perceive that the Mass for Clowns and Villains is over; so that having no farther Business here, you had best be gone.* To which he presently answered; *Yes, Madam, that is over, and that for Wh—s is just now beginning, you had best make haste in, and put in for a share.*

46.

There was a certain Widow that had three or four Boys to her Sons, and there belonging to the House a Bitch, which had several Puppies, the good Mother gave every one of the Boys one: You may imagine the Lads were not negligent of their Nursery, and one day as they were feeding of them, there arose a Dispute amongst the Boys, by what Names their Dogs should be called; said one of them, *My Dog shall be called Captain;* No, said another, *mine shall be named Captain,* and so they all said; till the Contest grew so high, they were all engaged by the Ears in the Quarrel: The Mother hearing an unusual Noise, made to them; and having enquired

enquired the Reason of the squabble she re-
proved them for falling out such a frivolous
Account, and admonished them to do so no
more, and to prevent all Animosity, she told
them, *All the Puppies should be Captains.*

47.

A Person that was a very great Scholar
but withal so great a Trencher-man that his
Learning would not maintain his Kitchen;
some of his Friends advised him to marry a
Widow, that was left very Rich, as the surest
way to mend his Commons: He embraced
their Advice, and the Widow embraced his
Courtship, so that in a short time the Marriage
was absolutely concluded. The Scholar
resolved one Night to Serenade his Mistress
after the genteel Mode, and had prepared a
Copy of Verses to be Sung under her Chamber-
Window, which were these:

*Let other Faces have the Power
To Charm one Love-sick for an Hour.
Perhaps for one whole Day or two;
But so to Captivate a Heart,
That it shall never, never Part,
This Power alone belongs to You,
Sweet Lady, whence these Flames arise!
A Heart fain would I Sacrifice;
But you having had it long before,
Well may I weep, or sigh a Score.
But for my Life can give no more.*

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These Lines the Scholar sent to a Musician, desiring the Favour of him to set a good Tune to them, for he designed to have them sung under his Ladies Window. The Musician (who secretly hated the other) instead of Composing a Tune to them, under-wrote the following Mock, and so returned them.

The Mock.

*Let other Ar-----'s have the Power,
To sh-----or squitter for an Hour.
Perhaps for one whole Day, or two;
But so to Captivate a Tail,
That it shall never, never Fail!
This Power alone belongs to you,
Rare H-----whence these Fumes arise;
A T-----fain would I Sacrifice,
But having Sh----- not long before,
Well may I Piss, or F----- a Score,
But for my Guts can Sh-----no more.*

48.

A Country Wench was sent by her Mistress up on a Pippin-Tree, to pluck a Basket of the fairest Fruit to present a Friend. It happened, that the Wench straining to come at an Apple that was out of her reach, chanced to slip her Foot between a fork of the Tree, which gathered all her Cloaths about her, so that her Body appeared Naked from the Breast downwards: Her Master happened to be the first that saw the frightful

ful Spectacle, who presently called the City, n^o
Thresher out of the Barn, to help down the man his
poor Wench; when he came with a Ladder into the
underneath the Tree, and was coming up she her Mon
kick'd and squealed, and cryed out, *Ab* a young
Robin *do not look at me, do not look at me*, dam Pa
to which (rubbing his Eyes) he replied, *Thou* Woman,
hast prevented that, for ihou hast almost piss were th
my Eyes out.

49.

A Cockney who had been married a Month a Brace o
or two to a brisk young Woman, she told Ballot th
him one Day, that she long'd to walk out in before to
the Fields with such a Gentleman, who was page be
(or went for) her Kinsman: The request the Busi
pleased not the new married Man, so he en young L
deavoured to dissuade her from it, telling comes an
her, that she could not be so far gone with ant for
Child, as to long for any thing as yet, and the Doo
therefore it would be better that she would and Bon
stay till she was with Child, and then she would n
should not fail of any thing she desired. To They ap
which she answer'd, *You talk like an Asinego* fine, and
I shall have my Longings when I am with dren of
Child! Ah, but I can never be with Child, un tuted the
less I have my Longings satisfied first, I would Masters,
have thee ask any honest Woman whether it be Lady his
not so? Nay, said he, if that be it, walk ber? B
out with your Cousin at any time a God's action,
Name.

50.

A ruffling Young Heir, who had lived which st
most of his Time, and was married in the last a Se

led the City, upon the Decease of the old Gentle-
 man his *Father*, removed with his *Family*
 Ladder into the Country; there was my Lady and
 up the her Monkey, the Parrot, and a French Spaniel,
 t, *Ab* a young Negro, with a Silver Coller, Ma-
 at me dam Patch and Paint my Ladies Waiting-
 d, *Th* Woman, and a Couple of Tabby-Cats; these
 st *piss* were the Inhabitants of the Coach: The
 Gentleman himself rid on Horse-back, with
 three or four Servants; a Cast of Hawks, and
 Month a Brace of Spaniels to attend him; *Monsieur*
 he told *Shallot* the French Cook had been set down
 k out in before to put Things in Order. This Equi-
 ho was page being arrived in the Country, it was
 request the Business of the Tenants to welcome the
 o he en young Landlord and his Lady. One Day
 telling comes an old Woman, who had been a Te-
 ne with nant for two or three Generations, and at
 et, and the Door *Pug* was seated, with a New Coat
 would and Bonnet, discipling of *Black's* Ears, who
 hen she would not stand still to have his Head look d.
 ed. To They appeared to the old Woman to be very
finego fine, and she took them to be the Chil-
 m with dren of her Landlord, and accordingly Sa-
 wild, un luted them with a Good-morrow, my little
 I would Masters, Pray how does my Landlord, and my
 per it be Lady his Wife, your Worship's Father and Mo-
 t, walk ther? But she could receive no other Satisf-
 a God's faction, but a Grismace or two from *Pug*,
 and two or three Grins from *Black*: Upon
 d lived which she was in great Consternation, till at
 in the last a Servant (espying her in that Posture)
 C called

called her in, telling her, *She need not be* forced to
afraid, but might come in. Upon which the of an old
 poor Woman entered, not a little Dissatis Bottle
 fied at the unmannerliness of the young Lon- at the
 doners. But when the Landlord appeared, man, wi
 she dropt half a hundred Courtisies, with as Upon
 many Good-morrows, telling him that she had as writ
 somewhat to do to come in at the House, for Here I
 the two young Gentlemen made such Tricks Would
 and Gambals at her, as made her believe, that Could
 the *Londoners* Children were better Fed than His St
 Taught, however she prayed they might be On a C
 good Men, but certain they were the most Escap
 ill-favoured Children that ever she had seen, ng the d
 she further told him, that she hoped he would Under
 live long, and happy. To which he replied, Fragra
That he wondered at that, for she was the first Who ne
that ever he had heard Pray for him; to Death
which she answered, That his Grandfather had Who F
been a cruel Landlord, and they hoped at his And r
Death, that his Father would have been better Remem
but on the contrary, they had found him much Or Fis
worse than his Grandfather; and you, Sir, said Three
she, are a thousand times worse than your Fa intner's
ther, so that we had all need Pray for the con ng her,
tinuation of your Life, for I verily think when house, o
you go, the Devil will come next, and I fancy ft, She
your Children have a very near Resemblance nds, and
of him already, and what may we think they ond, Th
will be, when full grown: So great Choler
 had the uncivil Behaviour of Pug and the
 Black raised in her, that the Gentleman w
 for

forced to deliver her up to the Management
of an old Bailiff of his, to mollifie her with
a Bottle of Wine, whilst he went to laugh
at the pleasant Adventure of the Old Wo-
man, with his Lady.

51.

Upon one that died of the *Cholick*, this
was written for an *Epitaph* :

*Here Lies Dick Dum below,
Would you the Reason know;
Could his Fat-Tail have Spoken,
His Stone Heart had not broken.*

On a Gentlewoman who happened to let
Escape in the Presence of a Wag, suppo-
sing she did herself an Injury to restrain.

E P I T A P H.

*Under this Marble lies in T----d,
Fragrant and Fan'd Arse-Wind,
Who never Short-Breath'd until
Death stopt her Pipes behind;
Who Fartie Loves, and wails its loss,
And this sad Urne comes by,
Remember still to let a Groan,
Or Fiske out a Sigh.*

52.

Three Cheats that had long lived upon a
Tintner's Widow, under pretence of Court-
ing her, upon a Time met altogether at her
house, on purpose to Abuse her. Says the
first, *She is like a Faggot dropping at both
ends, and burning in the middle*; says the se-
cond, *The Surveyor of the High-way will Fine
her*

ber for not keeping her Countenance passable the third said, *The Wind rattled in her Nose like a blast in a foul Chimney.*

1. Her Face is like an old, foul, plaited Paper Lanthorn.

2. Her Nose is the Candle in the middle of it.

3. Put out your Nose good Lady, you burn Day-light.

53.

Two that had been taking a Cup together over Night, being in Bed together next Morning, said one of them, who had Business to do to the other, Why do we stand Lying here, let us fall a Rising.

54.

There was an Earl's Daughter in England who had a good Portion, that went beyond Sea to be a professed Nun, and make her Tryal at Gaunt, but that Place not suiting so well with her Humour, she went to Antwerp. The Bishop of Gaunt meeting a certain English Priest, (and suspecting he had a Hand in drawing away the Lady from his Nunnery) taxed him therewith, and protested to the Bishop, that he had no more Thought to take the Lady from him, than he had to have Gilded his Lordship, which might satisfy his Suspicion.

55.

A Gentleman having some Business with a new Upstart Courtier, came to his Lodgings

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pretty soon in the Morning, not doubting
 out that he being formerly intimate with
 him, he would soon dispatch him; but hav-
 ing waited some three Hours, he began to be
 weary, and so desired one of his Servants to
 tell that he did not expect that his old Come-
 rade should have kept him so far in Suspense,
 two or three Words, which was all he had
 to say to him; the other hearing this, came
 himself to him, and told him he was too Pe-
 remptory, and that he would sit heavy upon
 his Skirts for it, he replied, *That he marvel-
 led how he should be so Heavy, when it was
 known his Mother was so Light.*

56.

Parson *Hawkins*^l, passing the River *Wie*
 to *Biford* where he lived, had with him one
Bartholomew Herring, who being heavy La-
 den fell over Boat into the River; *Hawkins*
 cry'd out, Save the Man, save the Man;
Herring answered, *Hold thy Peace, thou High*
Priest of Biford, and let me alone, for I am in
my Element, and so swim to Land.

57.

At a Tryal at the Bar, a Witness being
 produced that had an Enamelled Nose, a
 Serjeant at Law thinking to daunt him, said,
 Now you are Sworn, what can you say with
 your Copper-Nose? The Man replied, Why,
 by the Oath I have Sworn, I would not
 change my Copper-Nose with your Brazen-
 Face.

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58.

Serjeant *Hoskins*, having Married an old Widow, and being asked by an old Companion of his, *Why he did not Marry a young Woman*, answered, *He had a Maxim for it in his Accedence*; In legendis veteribus, proficis: In Reading old Authors thou dost Profit.

59.

Serjeant *Hoskins*, being taken with a Green in his Foot, so that he was forced to cut off his Toes, after his Dismembring, he sent for the Parson of the Parish, who had one round Foot like a Horse, being come, he asked the Serjeant, How his Worship did? And what was his Pleasure with him? He told him, it was to make him acquainted with his Shoe-maker, for his own did not know how to fit him, because he had now got a Stumpt Foot like his.

60.

When Mr. *Noe* was Reader in *Lincoln's Inn*, and had good store of *Venison*, and other Necessaries, for a Feast that he was to have the next Day: *Ben. Johnson* and his Friends were in a Tavern in *Chancery-Lane*, not knowing how to compass some of the Reader's *Venison*: At last *Ben. Johnson* being set on Work by Advertisement from his Stomach, sent him the following Verses.

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*When the World was Drown'd,
No Venison was found,
In Forest, nor yet in Park;
Which makes us to sit
Without e'er a Bit,
'Cause Noe hath all in his Ark.*

Which was so well taken by Mr. Noe, that he sent Ben. a good Pasty, and a Guinea to buy Sack to wash it down. Guineas were not then in Fashion.

61.

Mr. John Cleaveland, being once in Company where there was a Gallant all Outside, but Inwardly very much Unfurnished : At last he wrapt out a loud Damme, that he was weary of the City, and therefore now he would go into the Country, and would not return before *Michaelmas* (it was then the beginning of the long *Vacation*) Cleaveland told him, *That if he had gone to Lilly or Booker for Advice, they could not Chuse a fitter Time, both for going out, and returning : Why so ? Says the Blade, because, says he, you will go out just with the Green-Geese, and come in again with the Wood-Cocks.*

62.

There was a Parson that invented the way to Fish with Cormorants, and spent much Time in catching them, and bringing that Art to Perfection, he at length was made Master of the King's Cormorants,

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which

which made one tell him, *That he thought him no better than a Reprobate; for, says he, as Peter forsook Fishing to follow Christ, so you have left following of Christ to follow Fishing.*

63.

Duke Woodruff, having spent all his Fortune, married the Earl of Northumberland's Sister, who had one Silver Leg; Woodruff wanting Money, went and pawn'd her Leg, while she was in Bed in the Morning, but when she came to rise, missing her Leg, there was no Peace for him till it was found, which made him set his Wits on work for Money: At length he goes out to try his Fortune, and coming into Fleetstreet meets with the Bearherds, going with their great Bears to Bear-baiting, and making the Bearherd to lend him one of his greatest Bears, promising to Reward him for the Use of him for a little while. He takes him and leads him to an Ordinary, where he knew there was a Company of Gallants at Gaming, and coming into the Room, turns his Bear loose among them, and cries Room for fair Gamesters, Gentlemen: They seeing such an unexpected Gamester seeking for room, were so frightened, that they were like to leap out at the Windows, took them to their Heels, and leaves Money, Wine, and all upon the Table. Woodruff pour'd out some Sack upon the Floor, which the Bear licked up, and so sweeps all the Money into his Hat, and comes



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way to the Bear-herd, and pays him, bidding him to go take up his Bear, for he was beginning to be Quarrellsome, and so went and redeemed his Ladies Leg.

64.

An Eminent Phyfician had a great Logger-head to his Man, that though he had served him all his Life in Order to Learn some Knowledge in his Art, yet the greatest Pitch he could Arrive at, was to make a Glister; at last, his Master falls Sick, and finding himself like to Die, he called his Man, and told him, He was sorry that he could do so little at his Trade, but, says he, seeing you can make a Glister, you may venture to Practice, but be sure to put a good Face on it whatever you do, and be sure when you are call'd to a Patient, when you have given him his Glister (his Friends will be earnest to know the Nature and Causes of the Disease) tell them what you think will please them best. The Phyfician Dies, and his Man begins to Practice. So, being called to a Gentleman that had an Imposthume in his Stomach, he came and gave him his Glister, but that did no good; then he did not know what to do; they asked him what he apprehended to be the Cause of the Distemper? He looks about him in the Room, but could see nothing that he could impute it to, so he desired he might look upon the Bed's-head, which he did, and

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finding an old Stock of a Saddle, then with much Gravity he tells them, he h'd found out the Root of the Matter : The Friends gathering in a Ring about him, expected to hear somewhat to purpose. The Sick Person, he also listens with great Attention. So then the Eyes and Ears of all were fixed upon Mr. Doctor : He tells them that the Gentleman had Eaten a Horse, for, says he, here is the Saddle, and that being too much for his Stomach to contain at once, part of it is Undigested yet. At which gross Piece of Non-sense the Sick Man, though in great Torment, did Laugh so loud, that his Imposthume breaks, and he Recovers.

65.

A Chirurgeon having cured a Taylor of the Pox, brings him a Bill of Threescore Pounds, which the Taylor thinking too dear, refused to Pay him ; the Chirurgeon Sues him at Law ; the Judges calling for the Bill, thought it fit to appoint three Chirurgeons to consider of it, and abate all Extravagancies in it ; they made the Report, that the Bill was very Reasonable ; the Taylor seeing this, gives the Chirurgeon a Bill of Fifty Pound for a Coat he made him ; they go before the same Judges with it, which they refer to three Taylors ; the Taylors having consider'd the Bill, told the Judges it was so Reasonable, that nothing could be

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ated, so that the Chirurgeon was forced to
take Ten Pound for his Cure.

66.

An old Lawyer having his Eye upon a Fair
Maid, comes to her and proposes his Busi-
ness, which the Maid not relishing, asked
him what he was : *I am, Sweet-heart, says he,*
a Civil Lawyer : A Civil Lawyer, Sir, says she :
If Civil Lawyers be such Uncivil Men as you
are, I wonder what other Lawyers are.

67.

A young Man walking along *Cheap-side*
spyed a House shut up, with a Bill over the
Door, shewing that the House and Shop was
to be Lett : He asked one at the next Dooft
if the Shop might be Lett alone ? Yes, re-
plied the other, you may let it alone for
ought I know, and so they parted.

68.

A *Welch* Man coming to *London* to pursue
a Suit at Law, chanced to Steal a Cow, for
which he was taken and Burnt in the Hand.
His Friends asked him when he went Home,
how the Law went with him : *Friddie*
well, saith he, for bar has got her in bar
Hand.

69.

Two Physicians walking together, one of
them was a great *Herbalist*, the other laid
a Pint of Wine against him, that he would
find out three Herbs, one of which he would
Mistake : They appointed to meet at a *Ta-*

vern at Night, and he to bring the Roots along with him, for the other knew the Herb by chewing the Root: So he goes and plucks up two of the first he met with, not caring much what they were, but for a Third, he goes and finds an Old well-frozen T—rd, (for it was Winter) he parted it with his Knife, and put it in his Handkerchief, and goes to the Place appointed, where he found his Friend before him, and having Drank a Glasse of Wine, he produced his Roots; two of which the *Herbalist* easily guessed by the Taste, but having put the third in his Mouth, and chewed it a little, *Sure, says he, this must be the Root of Hemlock, it Tastes so Ill*; That is a Mistake, Brother, says the other, so having Sucked a little more of the Juice of it, he looks in his Face, Swearing a great Oath it was Dirt; It is so, I confess, replied he, and you have won your Wager: He not knowing how to look, told him, he believed if he knew that he had killed a Man he would discover it; *Nay, Brother, says he, that is a Mistake, for I have known you kill half a Dozen, and yet never spake of it.*

70.

A Gentleman that had been at Hawking all Day, came at Night to another Gentleman's House, where after Supper, he having his Hawk upon his Hand, was making very much of it, and very often calling it pleasant

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oots a pleasant Bird, and the like : There was a
ne Herb Fool in the House that took Notice of it.
plucks So when all were gone to Bed, the Fool took
caring the Hawk, and having killed it, put it under
ird, he the Embers to Roast, and having so done,
T--rd, he began to Eat it, but found it so tough and
th his unpleasent, that it almost Choaked him :
f, and Morning being come, the Hawk was missing,
ere he which put the Gentleman much out of Hu-
having mour ; the Fool hearing the Fray, asked,
ed his *What was the Matter ?* The Gentleman told
easily him he wanted his Hawk, *Your Hawk, says*
ut the *the Fool, is that the pleasant Bird you were*
little, *speaking of yester-night ?* Yes, says the other,
Hem- *Nay, Pox take that pleasant Bird, it was the*
stake, *unpleasentest Meat that ever I eat of.*

71.

A certain Country-man walking the Street,
chanced to take the Wall of a huffing Blade,
t ; It who thrust him by and told him, the High-
won way did lye open : *Sir, says the Country-*
ook, *man, I thank you for your Favour, that gives*
t he *me the best Place, and keeps the worst to your*
it ; *self, for if we Esteem Things by the Owners,*
ke, *sure the High-uey must be best, for the Wall*
and *is the Subjects, but that is the King's.*

72.

A Welchman passing from Ireland to Eng-
land, the Wind did rise pretty High, so
ing that the Waves began to toss the Ship ;
tle- the Welchman began to wonder what the
ing matter could be ; at length, he sees the Ma-
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ster at the Helm; He comes to him in a Rage, and drawing his Sword, asked him, *What his Reason was to put the Tree in her Arse to make her sting so, and Vowed if he did so any more, he would run him through.*

73.

One that was accused by another that he was a great Liar, said, that whatever he said, was but to put a good Face on the matter; the other replied, then surely, either you Borrowed or Stole it; for it is well known, you had never a good Face of your own to put on it.

74.

A Serving Maid having got some Purgative Victuals to her Supper, was so sadly Charged in her Sleep, that she awaked, and sitting up in her Bed, not daring to move her Posteriors, for fear of Misgiving, cried out, *Alas! What I shall I do? I'll lay Forty Shillings, I'll do something, I'll lay Forty Shillings I'll be Sh---t myself, which accordingly fell out; her Master lying in the next Room, said, Lye down again Poor Mat, for if ye had laid Forty Pound you have fairly won it.*

75.

A Lawyer being extreamly Sick, was advised by his Friends to make his Will, which he did, leaving all he had to Lunatics, and Mad'Persons; his Friends asked him, why he did so? He told them, *That he*
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dealt very justly, for, says he, I have received
all my Wealth from mad Mens Hands, and is
it not reasonable I should leave it to mad Men,
when I can keep it no longer.

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A merry Fellow lodging in a Gentleman's
House, would give any Thing for a Drink
after the rest were in Bed, and not knowing
how to come by it, resolves to put his In-
vention on Work thus. Betwixt One and
Two of the Clock in the Morning, he comes
to his Chamber Door, and crysaloud, *Fire,*
Fire; the People of the House being awaked
out of their Sleep with the terrible Alarm,
gets out of their Beds, some with some
Cloaths, some with nothing but their Shirts,
some crying for Water, others crying to raise
the Neighbours: Thus they run up and down
the House like mad Men, one not knowing
what the other said, (the Author of the
Confusion looking on all the Time :) At
length when they had sufficiently tired
themselves, running up and down they asked
where the Fire was? He tells them they were
all Fools, for the Butler alone could do
more to the quenching of it, than they could
all do; They asked him again where it was?
Then, says he, *indeed its in my Throat, and if*
it be not Quenched, I know not but it may set
the whole House on Fire.

77.

A rude Fellow coming to a Lady with a Present from one of her Friends, she caused him to sit down to Meat, she herself standing by asking of the Welfare of the Gentleman that sent her the Present, and seeing the Clown falling on like a Beast, without Craving a Blessing, she asked him why he did so? He told her, *They that use Charms, much good may they do them, for my part, says he, I never used them in my Life, and I will not begin now.*

78.

A Gentleman sitting at Dinner with a Number of Ladies, and putting a Spoonful of Pottage in his Mouth, which Scalded both Mouth and Throat, so that it made his Eyes Water, and which was worse, his Posteriors was not True to him, for something escaped him, which made all the Ladies stare in his Face, and one of them had the Confidence to tell him, that his Servants were something Ill-bred, to break out so without leave: *Truly, Madam, replid he, if yourself had been there, you had either Transgressed the Rules of Civility, so far as to make a fair Retreat, though without leave, rather than stay and have your Giblets scalded, as my Servant should surely have had for a his Lot, if he had stayed.*

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79.

A Minister Catechising his Parishioners, amongst the rest, called up a Woman of more Confidence than Judgment, and asked her some Questions; to which she made little Answer; at length, he asked her who Died for her? *Pray, Sir, says she, let's alone with your Taunts;* He told her, That this was no Matter of Taunting, so asked her the same Question over again; *Sir, says she, I have been an honest House-keeper these Twenty Years, and methinks it does not become a Man of your Coat to Mock me at this Rate:* What dost mean Woman? says he, I do not Mock you, I ask you who Died for you? *Then, says she, if you will have the Truth, in plain English, I was once, that as many would have Died for me, as for any of your Daughters, so Sawcy as you are become.*

80.

A Gallant having come from his Travels, went to Visit an Acquaintance of his; who being desirous to know what Rarities he had seen, and what Hazards he had run, kept him all Night, and putting him to Talk about his greatest Adventures, he told him the following Story: *I was, says he, upon a certain High Mountain, (undoubtedly the Highest in the World)* Yea, says he, it was so High, that I falling asleep, the Moon going her Ordinary Course, came so close by me, that she plucked my Cloak from about me: But, *Pray,*

Pray, says the other Gentleman, How did you do for your Cloak? Do, says he, *I ee'n stood still where I was, till the next Night, and she came by Vapouring with my Cloak, I took hold of it, and Nolence Volence, pluck'd it from her*; Very true, says the other, I remember much about that Time we had an Eclipse here; Well, says he, *the less I Lie then, but if I had not got my Cloak again, ye would have had the Eclipse to this Hour.*

81.

A blind Man having a mind to Marry, Employ'd a Friend of his own to get him a Wife, and says, she must be endued with all the Perfections her Sex is Capable of; the other undertakes it, and in a little Time brought him a Woman as Blind as himself, (none of the Two knowing of the others Imperfections) and told him, that he brought him as compleat a Woman as ever he saw with his Eyes; the blind Man was content to take her upon his Word, and nothing would serve him but he must presently be married; but says he to his Friend, we must lye at your House to Night, until my own be put in Order; with all my Heart said the other; away they went and married accordingly without any other Company: From Church they went to an Inn, and drank pretty liberally, until the Bridegroom, desirous to enjoy his Bride, called for a Reckoning, but his Friend instead of carrying

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them to his House, caused a Bed to be made for them close by the High-way, and when they had lain down with great Secrecy (as they thought) his Friend took leave of them, wishing them much Joy in one another, so went and stood at a distance: The People coming by (it being about the highth of the Day) wondered what the Matter could mean; at length the blind Man hearing them make them the Subject of their Discourse, gets out of Bed in a Rage, and asks, *Who's that?* No Body making Answer, he tells them, they were a parcel of base unworthy People (and so they shew'd themselves) to look in at any Peoples Windows? and, says he, if it were Day light, I would make the best of you all to smart for it; and so went to Bed again.

82.

A Man being asked, What was the Church of Rome like, answer'd, *Truly*, says he, *I think her as like my Wife as any Thing*; Why so? says the other; *Why*, says he, *she Commands what she pleases, without Regard of either God or Man, and then Curses all the Family to Hell if they give not present Obedience.*

83.

An old Batchelor having a Mind to be married, told his Friend that he would be content to take a Wife; but she must needs be Wise, Fair, Rich, Humble and Young: Nay, hold, says his Friend, you need not take

talke half the Time to describe her, though I believe twice as much will not be enough to find her out now, you'd do well, if you be so inclined, to stay till she be made, or else you are like to lye alone all your Days, for ought I know.

84.

Three Troopers. (in *Oliver's* Time) Riding out from one of their Garrisons in *Scotland* to buy Meat, a Country Fellow seeing them have so good Horses, resolved to try if he could borrow one of them; he goes, and gets a Calf, tyes his four feet, getting it upon his Back, as if he were going to the Garrison to sell it; so resting himself in the Way, as they rid along, one of them asks him if he would sell his Calf; *Yes, Sir*, says he, *I will*; so he alights, bidding the Fellow set down the Calf, and come hold his Horse till he had look'd on it; the Fellow taking the Horse, had his Eye upon the other two; and seeing them go out of sight, and that the other's Back was to him; Jumps into the Saddle, and drawing one of the Pistols, comes close to him, and holding it to his Breast, said, *Sirrah, I Command you as you love your Life, not to stir out of this Place with my Calf, till I come again*: So rode away, leaving him the Calf to ride home upon.

85.

Two Country men having stayed pretty late at the Ale-house, when they thought it Time

Time to be gone, call'd a Reckoning, and having drawn their Horses, one of them asks the other, *Are you on Horse-back, Neighbour?* He (having made more haste than speed, crossing his Horse, falls over quite into the Kennel) answered, *Ay, that I am, and more.*

86.

A Man and his Wife one Night in Bed, not knowing how to divert themselves, he asks her what Game she was for: Any Game you please, says she; Well then, quoth he, we'll make a touch at Cards: *But, says she, how shall we do to Play in the Dark?* Let me alone for that, says he, I'll play down first, and letting a lusty F---t, says, Here's a Trump for you: *Well then, here is Trump about, says she:* Here is another Trump for you, says he. She over-straining her self, lets something more than Wind out, saying, *There is a fac'd Card for you, which is as good.* It is so, says he, but I'll assure you Wife, that is foul play; and so they left off, just having ended the Game.

87.

About the Time of the Reformation, there came a Fellow from Rome, fully fraught with felicks, and going to the South of Scotland, began to vend them: Among the rest, he had a Bell, and the Virtue of it (he said) was, *that if any, holding his Hand upon it did swear Falsely, it would presently rent, where the Perjury would be discovered;* one hearing

hearing him, resolved to put it to Tryal : So agreeing for the Price, (a great Confluence of People being present) he desired he might give it him in his Hand, to look on it a little before the Tryal ; the Fellow was content : So taking it in his Hand, and seeing it crack'd already, asked the Owner, How it came to be so ? He told him that it being tryed elsewhere, 'it Rent, One forswearing himself with his Hand upon it. Well then, says he, (turning about to the People) I take you to witness, that there is a Rent in the Bell already ; so having laid his Hand upon it, he fram'd his Oath thus, *I Swear by the Lord Almighty that the Pope is Antichrist, and all his Followers, Followers of Antichrist.* Then taking his Hand from the Bell, holds it out to the People, saying, *Good People, you saw there was a Crack in the Bell before I laid my Hand upon it, and there is but one in it still, so that either it is True that the Pope is Antichrist, or else it is False that there is any such Vertue in the Bell.* So the poor Fellow sneak'd away, not selling any more of his Trash in that Country.

88.

A Minister marrying a young Man and an old Woman, asked him, *If he was Content to take that Woman to be his Wife ?* Content to take her, says he, with a Pox to you, what came I hither for ? If I were not content to take her, I had not seen your Face to Day.

89. The

89.

The late Lord Chancellor of Scotland sitting at Table upon a Day after Dinner, and looking in *Buchanan's* Psalms, said to the Gentlemen that were with him, that when all other Trades fail'd he would turn Schoolmaster; One standing by, replied, *Truly, my Lord, says he, take that Trade when your Lordship pleases I hope I shall not be your scholar.* Why so? says he, *Truly says the other, because I think your Lordship would ship too severely, and that I do not love.*

90.

A Gentleman Lodging upon the Road, desired the Maid of the House to take his Shoes when he went to Bed, and make them clean for him against the Morning: She takes them and wipes them, and so went to Bed: The Gentleman calls for his Shoes in the morning, but when she went to fetch them, she found one half of them eaten by Rats; she comes running into the Gentleman's Chamber, and being almost quite out of breath, *Oh! Sir, says she, what shall I tell you?* What's the Matter? says he, *Marry says she, the Rats have eaten your Shoes to Night.* Is that all, said he, if my Shoes had eaten the rats, it were worth the hearing, but as that, have heard the like before.

91.

A Minister Preaching from that Text, *Take your Cross and follow me*; One of his Parish-

Parishioners hearing him, thinks he with himself, if that be enough to make a Christian; I shall try it for once; and accordingly in the Afternoon came in (while the Minister was Preaching) with his Wife upon his Back, and looking to the Pulpit, says, *Now Priest, I have taken my Cross, what shall I do with it?* The Minister looks at him, not knowing what to say, bids him even set it down there. *Ah, that I will, with all my Heart, says he, tho' it were in the midst of the Sea, but I see as well as you love the Cross, that mine shall lie upon my Hands this Twenty Years, before you offer to take it from me.*

92.

A Country Man, who went weekly to Market with Butter to sell, was at last so well known by all (his Butter being always hairy) that no Body would buy of him; or if they did, he was sure always to fall short of his Neighbours Prices; which he taking very ill, told his Wife, either to make her Butter as her Neighbours did, or he should go to Market with it herself, for he would not go to be so affronted with it, not he. *Well, says she, I'll go see if I can mend that Fault;* so the next Day that she was to make Butter, she makes fast the Door, throws off all her Cloaths, washes her self from head to foot, and so falls to work stark naked, lest there should Motes fall from her Cloaths amongst the Butter; so having made it so

clean,

clean, as she thought there could be no clean-
er, she puts it in a large wooden Platter;
and to comply at it, she must needs have a
little Salt to make it relish; but unhappily
she climbing up to the top of her Cupboard
down she comes with a Vengeance, and
lighted directly upon her bare Breech in the
midst of the Butter; her Husband looking all
the while through the Key-hole, and seeing
her beginning to lick it off with her Fingers,
and put it in the Platter, says, *Woe is me,*
Doll, it will give but the old Price still; old
Price, Says she, and be hang'd to you! It has
made my Arse so greasie, that I don't know
what to do with my self.

93.

In the Time of the Inquisition, Things
ran so high, that People did not know what
to say, for fear of being accused of *Heresy*;
a merry Fellow seeing this went and bought
a Neat's Tongue and a Loaf, and so goes to
the midst of the City, and crys, *O yes! O*
yes! O yes! the People thinking there had
been something of Consequence to be Pro-
claim'd, flocked from every Quarter to hear
what it was; so when he saw the Streets full
enough, he takes his Loaf out of one Pocket,
and the Tongue out of the other; *Good Pro-*
ple, says he, *you know these are dangerous*
times, therefore I called you together, to tell
you, that I will eat my Loaf and hold my
Tongue, let others do as they please; that
is

is all I have to say to you at this Time, so you may go your way Home.

94.

In the Reign of King *Charles* the First *James* Duke of *Hamilton* being his Commissioner for *Scotland*, and was upon a time coming to Court, one of his Horses falling lame, and he being in great haste, causes a Man to take a Mare that was a grazing in the way, and leave the Horse, resolving to pay the Owner sufficiently at his Return. The Owner (being a Farmer) hearing what took his Mare, comes straight to *London* after her, and hearing the Court was at *White-hall* goes thither: The King being in the Chamber of Presence with a great Number of the Nobility (and *Hamilton* among the rest) comes to the Door, and seeing the King waving up and down, he waves upon him with his Finger, saying, *A Word with you, Sir*; the King comes to him, and asks him, What was the Matter? Marry, Sir, says he, one of your great Grandees coming hither to see you, stole my Mare from me, and I am come to seek Satisfaction; the King resolving to Joke with the Fellow, turns him about, and says, *James*, Come and Answer for your self; here, this honest Man says you stole his Mare from him, What have you to say? Truly, says he, if it please your Majesty, it is true, I took the Mare being in haste, but I left a better in her stead, and

was resolved to Pay him for his Mare to boot. Well, well then, says the King, give him a Line under your hand, that you'll pay him as you go back. Hads diggers, says he, I care not a Fart of mine Arse for your Line, or his either, I wonder what he had to do with my Mare. Says the King, he took her to ride upon her : Ride upon her, says he, with a Pox to him, it had been long enough if she had offer'd to ride upon him ; and so goes away in a huff. But the Jest so pleased his Majesty, that he order'd to double the Price of his Mare to the Fellow.

95.

A Woman longing for Lobsters, went to a Fishmonger, as if she were to buy some : So turning them up, one after anothe, as if she intended to have the best for her Money, (the Man not much eyeing her) slips one of them under her Apron and Petticoat, and so close to her Belly : Then she asks him the Price of one of them, but they could not agree ; so she turns about to go away, but she was not out at the Door, when (to the Man's great Astonishment) she begins to cry out like a Woman in Child-birth ; he runs to her, and asks her what was the matter ? She makes him no answer, but still crys on, with both her hands upon her Belly ; he thought it was no time to delay, takes her into his Shop, and calls his Wife in all haste, telling her that an honest Woman

man that had come to buy 'a Lobster of other,
 him, was taken with her Pains of Child-I am f
 birth in his Shop; she bids him go in
 all haste and call more Women, and the AM
 Midwife; who when they came, went to man's
 Work with her, but found the Child intima
 to be such, as none but the Fishmonger Text, a
 himself could deliver her of, so they call the pre
 him in, where he found the Lobster I close o
 faster I to her Belly, that he was forc Good P
 to take his Knife and break his Toes the Def
 and so delivers the Woman of her new thing in
 Conception. Pardon,
 Good o

96.

A merry Fellow that was Tenant to a dare n
 Popish Bishop, was far in Arrears for his you know
 Rent, the Bishop's Bailiff often demanding how he
 but could never receive any. At length he and bury
 told him, the Bishop would take a Court A Gre
 with him, and have him by the back; he was told
 swered, that he feared not what the Bishop was told
 could do, he could go where he could never last and
 find him; but, says the Bailiff, you must consider
 leave the Kingdom then; No, I won't That he
 says he, How will you do then? says he, taken ca
 have, says the other, a Hundred lurking Furr to k
 Places about the Diocess, where he will Winter I
 never find me; Pray, says the Bailiff, when dry on hi
 can they be? There is one in every Church A Wo
 says the Fellow; Then he would quickly band, de
 find you out, says the Bailiff, for he is there to dine v
 once a Week at least: Ay, but says the other

London Tests.

ter of other, I would hide my self in the Pulpit for
Child- I am sure he will not come there in his
go in 97.

nd the A Minister being called to Preach a N
ent to man's Funeral Sermon, with whom he w
Child intimately acquainted formerly, he read his
monger Text, and went on with it, not considering
ey call the present Occasion, till he was just at the
fter close of his Sermon : So then, says he,
forced Good People, I doubt not but the Friends of
Toes the Defunct expect that I should speak some-
er new thing in his behalf, but truly I must beg their
nt to Pardon, I am a little straitned in it: To speak
for his Good of him, I cannot; to speak Ill of him,
standing dare not; but this I will say, *how he Lived,*
ngth how he is now, *God only knows; take him up*
Court and bury him.

98.

; hear A Great Man being upon his Death-bed,
e Bishop was told by a Divine, he was now upon his
ld never last and greatest Journey, and ought well to
ou must consider and provide for It, he answered,
won't That he knew so much, and therefore had
ys, he taken care to have a Gown well lined with
lurking Furr to keep him warm, and a good pair of
he will Winter Boots, well liquored, to keep him
ff, when dry on his Feet; and so departed.

99.

quickly A Woman willing to gratifie her Hus-
e is there band, desired him to invite some Friends
says to dine with him, for, says, she I have pro-
other vided

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vided a choice Piece of Beef for you ; I thank you kindly , my Wife, says he, for you have always been pretty free of your Flesh, not only to me, but to all such as had an Appetite for it.

100.

A merry Fellow told an old Batchelor of a strange Dream he had of him the Night before, for, says he, I thought you was Dead, and I thought I saw you behind Hell-Door, leading of a great *Ape*; and that *Lucifer*, coming in, and seeing you, asked, What that old Fellow did there? To whom the Devil that attended you, told you were an old Batchelor, and had never lost your Maiden-head: To whom *Belzebub* said, *Turn him out again, thou dost him Wrong, Dost not see his Son in his Hand there? That is so like him, that any one may know who was the Father of him.*

101.

A Parson coming from the Country, in extreme cold Weather, and lighting from his Horse at an Inn in *Smithfield*, found a Company of Porters had taken up the Fire-side so close, that he could not have a Sight of it: But he seeing Oylters at the Door, bad the Hostler throw his Horse half a Peck of them in the Manger: You mean Oats, Sir, said the Hostler; I say Oylsters, says he: The Porters hearing him, began to stare, and said to him, Will your Horse eat Oylsters? *Ar,*



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says he, and bafe is that Horfe that will not eat them; the Fellows running all from the Fire, to fee this strange Sight, in the mean while the Parfon gets ail the Fire to him- self: At lft they came all in, one after another, and faid, His Horfe would eat no Oy- fters: Why then, faid he, if his Stomach be not come down, let him faft, bring them in, and I'll eat them myfelf.

102.

At a certain Battle, while the Party De- feated, were flying, one of them had got an Arrow in his Breech, but fear of Life made him run, not regarding it: One of his Fol- lowers, that followed, crys out: Ho you, look behind you, with a Pox to you, there is an Arrow sticking in your Arfe, Don't you trouble your felf about that (faid he) for I know it as well as you do.

103.

A certain Parfon, having his Houfe fome three Miles diftant from his Church, ufed to go out falting on the *Sunday* Morning, and to take his Break-faft in an Ale-houfe that was near the Church: So upon a *Satur- day* Night, he calls his Clerk, and bids him Reckon with *Matthew*----- (for fo was the Man's Name) and bring him an Account on *Munday*, what was owing for his Break-faft: The Parfon and Clerk went away early on *Sunday* Morning, and coming to the afore- faid Ale-houfe, the Parfon took his Break-
faft,

fast, and so went into the Church; but the Clerk staying behind, he and the Master of the House drank pretty roundly; then he calls for the Parson's Reckoning, which was brought in *Fifty Shillings*: Away he goes to Church and as he was going in at the Door, the Parson having Occasion to quote some Scripture in *Matthew*, turns over to that Gospel, saying, (But what says *Matthew*?) The Clerk thinking he spake to him, readily Answers, What says *Matthew*, says he, by my Troth, *Matthew* has got a swinging Account for you, and says, it is a Shame it should be so long owing: The Parson not knowing what to say, knocks upon his Pulpit, and commands Silence: Silence, says, the Clerk, there is *Fifty Shillings* Owing yonder to an honest Man for *Beef* and *Pudding*, it is a Shame to hear tell of it, I wonder who Eat it all! For my part, I never eat a Shilling's worth of it in my Life; and so sat down, and let the Parson go on with his Sermon.

104.

One intending to Travel, asked a Friend of his own, which was the nearest Way to *Rome*? Why, says he, it is not far to it, for you have no more to do, but to enter in at the Gate of *Lewd-Life*, which leads to the *Street of Tradition*, and it will bring you to the *Palace of Supremacy*, then you are at his

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his Holiness's Feet, and you may kiss his Toe when you please,

105.

A Gentleman, who was no Philosopher, Courting his Mistress, made many Protestations of Affection to her: She objected among other Things, that though he seemed to Love her now, yet if they were a while married his Love would possibly grow cold, yea, come to just nothing; *Madam*, says he, *never fear it, I'll let you Piss in my Arse, if ever you have cause to complain of that*; which Complement she relished so badly, that he had his final Answer presently.

106.

A deaf Fellow coming to *London* to sell a Goose at *Newington*, had a Charge to untruss a point, which he did hard by the way-side: A Gentleman coming along, thinking to Joke with him, Friend, said he, there is a Turd under you; the Fellow thinking he had asked the Price of a Goose, says, *Five Shillings, Master*; I say, there is a Turd under you, says the other, it's as good as ever you eat in your Life, said the Fellow; you Rascal, says he, I'll break your Pate for you; chuse you, says the other, if you will not another will; so fastening his Point, he took his Goose and came away, leaving the Gentleman to his best Thoughts of the Bargain.

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107. A

107. A Gallant of more Wealth than Wit, having married a lusty young Woman, was not three Months married, when he became so weak, that he was scarce able to Walk; his Friends seeing it, thought it fit to send him away a Month or two from his Wife, under Pretence of going to see his Uncle; while he was there, he sees some Sheep leaping a Ditch, but the Ram was so weak that he could not follow; so *Simpleton* comes to the Shepherd, and tells him he knew a way how his Ram should grow strong: Pray, Sir, says he, what is it? I'll tell you: You must send him to see his Uncle, and I'll warrant him he will grow strong again.

08.

King *James* the Fifth, of *Scotland*, going abroad disguised, as he often did, he chanced upon a Miller's House, being in a very mean Habit; he found no Body in the House, but the Miller's Daughter, who was very merry Spinning at her Wheel; he pretending that he was a Gentleman fallen to Distress, asked her to give him some Victuals, but she Spins on, singing merrily to her Wheel, not regarding what he said; at length she asks what for a Gentleman he was; He told her, he was a distressed Gentleman, Sir, said she, I believe you very well, and so looked in his Face and laughed; he seeming to take this as an affront, resolves to affront her some way, before they parted; so standing in the Door,

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Door, leaning upon his Staff: Sweet-heart, said he, you and I must not part till we drink our selves Friends; Ay, Sir, saith she, with all my Heart, and I am glad you are not become yet so poor; but you have a Penny to spend with a Friend; I hope, said he, you will Pledge me, If I drink to you first; Indeed, that I will, says she; Then, said he, this to you, and with that let a swinging *F—t*: The Maid being surprized, looks upon him, and asks him, if that was the Liquor they must Drink to one another in? Yes, says he, if you have got no better; well, well then, replied she; if that will please you, you shall have your Belly full of it, for I have a Barrel unpierced, as good as ever you tasted, and with that answered him in his own Dialect, that she made the whole House to ring: Hum, says he, I see the Barrel is newly pierced it runs so violently; but this to you again, Sweet-heart, letting off another. I pledge you again, Sir, says she, answering him as before. He finding himself run aground, with great Difficulty Strains out one more; which she answers in the same Stile. Now, said he, Sweet-heart, I confess you are pretty free of your Liquor; but it is so windy, that I think we have enough of it. Nay, Sir, says she, being you are in my Father's House, Civility obliges me to drink once to you before you go; So lets off another louder than any of the former,

London Tests.

mer, saving, My Service to you, Sir: I cannot pledge you, Sweet-heart, says he, therefore excuse me for this Time. Nay, Sir, says she, I will not force you; only if you do no more, be so kind as to Kiss the Cup. Truly, says he, Sweet-heart, the Liquor casts such a Steam, that I suspect deadly the Cup is not clean; but however, wash it again this Time to Morrow, then we will talk more of it. Accordingly he came upon the Morrow, with his whole Court; but the poor Wench was so ashamed, that she ran away and hid herself. The King protested he was never so over-reached in his Life, as he was by the Miller's Daughter.

109.

A Nobleman having some of his Friends to Dinner with him, there was one Dish which he loved best, that was forgot by the Cook, till the Nobleman himself mist it; so calling for it, found it was quite cold, and had lost its Savour; he call'd the Cook, and having threatned him, if he should play the like again, bids him heat it, and be hang'd to him; the Cook mistaking the point, went and eat it up every bit; but being called to know what was become of it, he told him he had eaten it; the Nobleman told him, he would make him pay dear Sawce for it. *My Lord, says he, I have nothing to pay for it, but my Dinner, it stands in the Kitchin, so if that please you, you may call for it.*

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110.

A fellow walking in the Street in a Winter Night, and seeing a fair Lanthorn hang out with a Candle in it, thought to secure it for himself; but having climbed to it, and going to loose it, one of the Servants seeing him, asks him, what he meddled with the Lanthorn for? I crave Mercy, says he, I was only going to snuff the Candle, that I might see to go along.

111.

A fellow being Arraigned for stealing of a Horse, and Evidence being brought against him; among the rest, one swore that he saw him lead the Horse away from such a Place, yet still he denied all: *Then*, says the Judge, *do you deny it, when the Man swears he saw you have him?* He lyes like a Cox-comb, as he is, says he; for I had but the Bridle, and I hope you won't hang a Man for borrowing his Neighbour's Bridle? Very true, says the Evidence, but the Bridle was upon the Horse's Head when you took it: Well, says he, what if it was? Blame them that put it there, for it was not I. *Then*, says the Judge, *it seems when you borrowed the Bridle, you borrowed the Horse too:* No such thing, if I please your Worship, says he, but I verily believe he was a Witch, for I no sooner took the Bridle by the end, but the Jade followed me foot for foot, till I was come to my own Door: *But*, says the Judge, *could not you take the the Bridle from his Head, if you de-*

signed to take it and no more? Then, says he, I should have been accused of laying Hands upon the Horse, without which I could not take the Bridle from his Head; *Well*, said the Judge, *what became of him?* Became of him! Says he, he would not go home again if I should speak my Heart out to him, and so I e'en went and sold him off, for he was too Chargeable for me to maintain.

112.

One of Queen Elizabeth's Purveyor's having abused the Countess of Kent, upon the Queen's Removal to Greenwich, a Country-Man watching his Opportunity when she went to walk, which was commonly early, and being wise enough to take his Time when she stood unbent from the ordinary Occasions she was taken up with, placing himself within reach of her Ear, did after the Fashion of his Coat, cry aloud, *Which is the Queen?* Whereupon as her manner was, she turned about towards him, and he still continuing his Question, she her self answered; *I am your Queen, what would'st thou have with me?* You, replied the Fellow, sure it can't be; for you are one of the fairest Women that ever I saw, and can eat no more than my Daughter *Mage*, who is thought the properest Lads in our Parish, though something short of you: But that Queen Elizabeth I look for, Devours so many of my *Chickens* and *Capons*, that I am not able to live; where

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whereupon the Queen inquired who was
Pourveyor, and suffered him to be hang'd
after a special Order for his Tryal.

113.

A certain Nobleman having a merry
Countryman at his House, after Dinner he
asked him to Smoke a Pipe of Tobacco
with him? *Not I,* says he, *un't please your*
Lordship, for I do not care for it: Why so,
says the Nobleman's Lady? (being present)
Truly, Madam, says he, *because I think them*
that Drink Smoke, Shite Wind, What think
you, Madam? Which put the Lady so out
of Countenance, that she withdrew and left
the Company.

114.

A Country Man coming home Drunk to
Bed to his Wife, she resolved to put some
Trick upon him; so steals his Breeches from
his Bed-side in the Morning, At length he
bethinks himself of Rising, when it came to
his Time, and having put on his Coat, he
began to search for his Breeches, but could
not find them; so he calls to his Wife; *Doll,*
have you seen my Breeches? Your Breeches,
Dick, said she, are you sure you brought them
home with your Yesternight? *Yes sure, Doll,*
I know nothing to the contrary; Then *Dick,* you
had best search your Pockets for them, for
you lost all your Money at the Ale-house
Yesterday-night, perhaps your Breeches are
searching your Pockets to see if there be any
left.

115. A

115.

A merry Fellow comes running into a Coffee-House, where there were several Gentlemen sitting; one of them seeing him rush in so upon them, asked him, *What News?* News, says the Fellow, there is fifty Thousand Men risen to Day: *How!* says the Gentleman, (every one staring one another in the Face) *To what end did they Rise, and what did they intend?* Why, says he, only to go to Bed again at Night, for ought I know.

116.

An Arch Wag put a great many Rams-Horns in a Basket, and went up and down, crying, *New Fruit, New Fruit*, in the Winter-time; at last a Lawyer bids him let him see his Winter-fruit; which when he saw them, said, *Thou Fool*, who dost think will buy Horns? *Sir*, says he, *though you are provided, yet I may meet with them that are not.*

117.

An arch Wag, had such a Mischievous old Scold to his Wife, that had it not been for his own merry Humour he could not live with her; at length, to his great Comfort, she fell Sick; when he saw that she was like to die, he began to ask her very seriously, whom she would advise him to marry, when she was gone: She replied in her own Dialect, *Go marry the Devil*: Nay, says he, my Heart, that cannot be, for I have been married with his Mother already, and now if

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I should marry himself, it would be Incest, therefore you must give me better Advice.

118.

One being intreated to stay with a Nobleman over Night, still pretended he had necessary Business, so that he could not; at length the Nobleman, asked him to stay, and he should be sure of one of the best Beds in the House, he thanked his Lordship for his Kindness, and so condescended to stay; but in the Morning before any in the House were up, he sent his Man to a Friend of his own, and borrowed a Horse, and whatever else he needed; in the mean Time he packs up the Bed himself, with every thing that belonged to it, against his Man came back, and so conveyed it out of the House, without the least Noise, and having laid it equal upon two Horses, went straight Home: The Nobleman being come out of his Chamber, about Eight or Nine a-Clock, sent one of his Servants to see if his Guest was up; he having knock'd several times, and getting no Answer, at last made bold to lift the Latch, and having look'd in, sees nothing there but bare Walls, so he comes running back and tells his Master, who wondering what the matter could mean, could not tell what to say; but whilst he was musing, in comes one from his Guest, with a Letter of Thanks for his Bed, shewing further, if he would give him another of the same,

same, he would come and be his Guest for that Night also : *Nay, says he, tell your Master, that I'll give no more of my Beds to any of my Guests, I'll only let them while they are in my House.*

119.

A frantick Fellow, that used to stay late at the Ale-house, and when he came home was so cross, that for any thing his Wife could say to him, would not go to Bed, till he had lain a while upon the Floor, saying, The House was his own, he would lie where he pleased. One Night having stayed out till his Wife was in Bed, he came in, and sat by the Fire until he fell asleep; at last tumbling out of his Chair, fell directly in the midst of the Fire : The Maid cried out to her Mistress, that her Master was fallen into the fire. *Nay, says she, let him alone, the House is his own, so long as he pays Rent for it, he may lie where he pleases.*

120.

A Nobleman being highly offended at the Miscarriage of one of his Servants, resolves to Prosecute him upon his Life; at length having put it to a Vote, among some of his Friends that were with him, some Voted one thing, some another : *Nay, says one of them, I think Hanging is too little to expiate his Guilt, but, says he, my Advice is, that you would marry him to a Whore, which is a Punishment somewhat more proportionable to his Fault.*

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121.

A Bridegroom said to his Bride, at such a time I solicited thy Love; but if thou hadst condescended, I should never have loved thee, neither had we ever been Man and Wife; for I did do it purposely to try thee. *Ay, Ay, says she, but such a one taught me more wit than so Seven Years ago.*

122.

A Country Fellow being to be hanged, his Wife came to take her last farewell of him at the Gallows; he ask'd her, What she came there for? she told him she came to see him; this is a strange Thing, Wife, says he, that there cannot be a Dozen of Folks met in a whole Country about their Business, but thou art sure to be one. Go home with a Vengeance, you nasty Baggage, and look to your House, a Man had as good be hang'd as be a Husband to such a lazy Slut.

123.

A Gentleman (in the time of the Inquisition) being summoned before the Duke of — and his Associates, was fined with a large Sum of Money, because he would not comply with their Designs. A friend of his came to him next Day, and asked him why he did not visit the Duke, and dine with him sometimes, for it would be very well taken, says he, as for eating with Dukes I have not been used to it; but that I am sure if this Course hold on, my Family and I will be made

made to drink with the Duke in a short time.

124.

A Popish Lady being in extream Labour, vowed, if that she might but escape Death for that once, she would never all her life after hazard herself in the like danger; but being at last fairly delivered, she said to one of her Midwives, *Prithee put out the Holy Candle, lay it up till the next time.*

125.

One being asked why he enveighed so much against Women, seeing so many good Authors had written so largely in their praise? *Why, truly, says he, they wrote only what Women ought to be, but I told what indeed they are.*

126.

A Lady seeing a Gallant of a tall Stature, who thought very much of himself, being asked by one what she thought of him; *Why, says she, I think he would be very fit for a Porter, for if the Door were too low for him, he would discharge his burden in at a Garret Window.*

127.

An old Woman asking a Gentleman (as he lay a dying) if he knew her or not, he answered, *Yes, very well, an old Bawd thou art upon my Life.* She answering said, It was not well for him to say so now, when Death was approaching him. *Nay, says she, it is best telling of Truth at the Hour of Death.*

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128.

A personable tall Man offered to accompany a Dwarf as he went along the Street; for, said he, the People will not gaze so much on a Pigmy, if I be in your Company. Nay, replied the Dwarf, *they will gaze the more upon me, that I should have an Ass in my Company, and not ride.*

129.

One asking an aged Man how he came to be so fat and lusty, at such an Age? He answered, *The reason was, because he was never a Husband or a Servant.*

130.

One being asked, what time he was married, and how long ago, answered with a sad Countenance, *I remember very well, I became acquainted with my Wife in the Time of the great Plague, and now it is almost the Thirtieth Year of her Reign.*

131.

One being asked (who was a Man of great Years) *How he lived so long?* replied, *I never stood when I might sit, I married late, I was a Widower betimes, and now I never intend to marry more.*

132.

A Soldier that was look'd upon as a great Coward by his fellows, his Captain also upbraided him, that when he went upon Service he was only a Cypher, and did no good, it chanced upon a Day, that having been engaged

gaged with the Enemy, he resolved to present his Captain with a *Token* of his Valour, if he might find an Opportunity, which at last offered it self, for he seeing a Man lying dead already, he cuts off his Hand, and carries it Home to his Camp, and presents it to his Captain, at Night the Captain ask'd him if he himself cut it off? *Yes*, replied he, *that I did*; I believe then, says he, he was dead before, else you durst not do it: *Truly I believe not*, says he, *for if he had been alive, he had frighted you and me both.*

133.

One at Supper said to his Comrade, *You heard the Discourse of my Father's Death, let me intreat you to tell me how yours die*; he being very eager at his Victuals, answer'd suddenly, *very suddenly.*

134.

One Travelling through a Country Village, was set upon a Mastiff Dog; he stooping for a Stone to throw at him, and finding it was hard frozen to the Earth, said, *A Pox upon this Country, where Stones are tied, and Dogs let loose.*

135.

A Gentleman tiding upon a large lean Horse, a Gallant that met him, asked, *What a Yard of his Horse was worth*? With that he bids his Man alight, and lift up his Horse's Tail unto him, and then he answered, *Enter into the Shop, and they within will tell you.*

128. 6. In

136.

In *Christmas* Time, the Country People coming thick and threefold to a Nobleman's House, and falling hungerly to their Victuals, among the rest; one of them rising with a full Belly before the rest, said, *God bless the Founders of this Feast*: The Nobleman's Steward stood up and said, *And the Con-founders too.*

137.

One came to visit a Gentleman in the Country, and finding him eating of Ch rries with his Spectacles on, having asked his reason for it, he answer'd: *The Truth is, I bid my Man bring me Kentish-Cherries, and the Knave hath brought me these little Ones, which you see, therefore I eat them with my Spectacles on, to make them seem bigger.*

138.

A Spark accosting a Lady with Hat-in-hand, offered his Service to her; Sir, says she, *I have no Service for you at present, for I am provided for Servants*: Madam, says he, *I wait your pleasure with Cap-in-hand*: Pray Sir, replied she, *cover your Head, and keep your Brains warm, or Maggots will breed in them*: Madam, says he, *I love, you as well as I love my own Soul*: Truly, Sir, says she, *I would take it as a greater Compliment, if you loved me as well as you do your own Body; as for your Soul, I can't perswade myself you have any great love to it, that can swear it away for a half-penny*

penny matter. At this he began to huff, walking up and down the Room in a Fury: *Sir,* says she, *I would advise you to go Home, and keep your Chamber a while, for I perceive, poor Gentleman, you are troubled with the Staggers, and I will send you something that may give you Ease;* and so dispatched him.

139.

A Soldier telling, that in a Battle wherein he was, the Arrows were so thick in the Air, that they darkned the Sun; One answered, *It was a great Comfort to you, you had the Advantage to fight your Enemy in the Shade.*

140.

A Traveller commending the Strength of one whom he saw in his Travels, said, *If the World had a Ring to it, he would lift it up with ease:* Whether would you lift it? says another, *he could,* says he, *lift it from the Earth;* I intreat your Worship, says the other, give me leave to believe you.

141.

A Spaniard bragging to an English lusty Soldier in the Netherlands, said, *That in his Days he had killed as many Englishmen as he had Buttons on his Doublet.* Did you so indeed? says the Englishman. *Yes, that I did,* says he. Then, says he, as many times Kiss my A---se.

142.

One preferring War before Peace, gave for his Reason, *That in War, the Fathers*

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143.

A Spaniard Travelling on the Way, alighted at a poor Inn, expecting Entertainment; they asked him, What his Name was? He answered, Don Pedro Gonzales, Garelan de Guerra. The Landlord replied, Sir, you must go farther on your Way, for we have not Accommodation for so many here.

144.

One asking a rich Usurer, How many Sons he had? He answered Eighteen: No more, says the other: No, says he, and is not that a great Blessing? It is so, replied he, but believe it, if you had as many more such Blessings as these, the Country has Curses enough for them all.

145.

One using to promise Much, but perform very Little a merry Fellow said to him, Sir, You were the best Gentleman in the World, if your Purse-strings were at your Mouth.

146.

A Nobleman that was known to be a great Miser, had a merry Wag at his Table upon a Day, but seeing nothing there that pleased him, and having Occasion next Day to be in another Nobleman's House, the Lady complain'd that she could get no cool place to keep her Wine in, the Weather being hot; the Gentleman says, Madam, if you please

please, I can wish you to as cool a Place as the City affords : Where is it pray ? Says the O ! says he, my Lord ---s Kitchen, for it is Vaulted, and I believe there was not a Fire kept in it since Summer began.

147.

A Gentleman order'd an Arras-Maker to make him some Tapistry with figur'd-work figured with a fair Castle; within the Castle Gate a Dog barking, at the Castle Gate a Man in compleat Armour brandishing in his hand a naked Sword, opposite to him a Dog as it were barking : The Work-man compleated all, only he had forgot the Dog ; when he brought it home, the Gentleman began to view it, and missing the Dog, was very displeased, that he followed not his Direction : the Work-man excusing his Oversight, merrily told him, *Sir, it is now Dinner-time in the Castle, the Cur is only agnawing a Bone in some Corner.*

148.

A Tyler and his Son were Tyling of a House, the Old Fellow did his Work foolishly, which his Son finding Fault with, the Father replied, *You are an Ass, to do our Work well to Day, is to beg to Morrow.*

149.

In the Time of the *Inquisition*, there was a Witch presented before them ; when her Accusation was read, one of the chief Prelates stood up in her Defence, alledging many Things against the Being of Witches :

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Gentleman that was one of the Judges, (having lately been troubled by the *Inquisition*, because his Lady did not own their Way) falls a Laughing, for which being taken Notice of, he was presently challenged of Un-civility, and demanded the Reason why he Laughed? I'll tell your Lordship, says he, why I laughed; I was thinking it were good for me if my Wife were a Witch, for I see she would have more Friends upon the Bench than she has.

150.

A blunt Fellow, being soundly nettled with Jest one put upon him, resolved some way to be even with him, and finding a good Cudgel, laid him cross the Pate with it, so he made both his Eyes water, saying, Every Man hath his Gift, you can break Jestis, and I can break Heads.

151.

One who was a Papist, being like to Die, his Friend being of the same Perswasion, intreated him that when he came to the Kingdom of Heaven, he would be so kind as to pray for him: I will not promise you, says the other, for fear I should forget: Well then, replied he, that you may be sure to remember, I'll tie a Thread about your Finger.

152.

A plain Country Fellow riding up to the Term, met a Fellow Carted on his way to Tyburn: He ask'd the People what was the matter?

matter? They told him, It was a Felon going to be hang'd: O! says he, *that Man is Happy, for his Business will be dispatch'd before the Term.*

153.

A Gentleman saying to a Gentlewoman, Long have I loved, Sweet Lady, but till now was always fearful to express my Affection: Sir, answered she, *had you been so free as to tell so much at the beginning, you had hazarded no more than you do at this present.*

154.

A Man that had a grievous Scold to his Wife, broke her head upon a Day in his passion; the Cure whereof cost him so much, that he bragg'd to her Gossips, that he would not in haste break her head again; he over-hearing her, sent the next Day for the Chyrurgeon, and paid him for the Cure in the presence of her Gossips; withal giving him Twenty Shillings before-hand, against she would next have Occasion for him, For, says he, *I expect it will not be long e'er you be call'd again.*

155.

An old Lady beholding herself in a Looking-glass, and 'spying the Wrinkles in her Face, threw down the Glass in a Rage, saying, *It was strange to see the Difference in Glasses, for, says she, I have not look'd in a true one these seven Years.*

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A Fellow being Burnt in the Hand for Felony; one of his Consorts asked him certain Days after, *How he came off at his Tryal?* O! says he, very well, the Judges were extremely Civil to me, for the whole Matter was referred to my Handling.

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A young Man having gained a Gentlewoman's Affection, but finding her Parents altogether averse from the Match, perswaded her one Night to come out at her Chamber Window, when all the House was asleep, and he would wait for her, and convey her away; which accordingly she did: Having got her on Horseback, he made all the haste he could to get off her Father's Bounds without being discovered; which when effected, they began to Discourse familiarly together: among the rest of her Discourse, she said, That it was a very fair Night: Yes, says he, *fair enough to run away with a Whore:* So having gone a little farther, she told him she had left something at Home in her Chamber, which of necessity she must go back and fetch: He, Simpleton, Consents, and goes straight Home with her again, and help'd her in at the Window; when she was once in her Chamber again, she turn'd about, and bid him be gone, *For she thought the Night was too fair to run away with a Rogue.*

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158.

A merry Wag, seeing an old withered Bel-
dam in the Company of some fine Ladies,
said, *There is a Death's-head at the end of
the Rosary.*

159.

One having written a Letter to his Mistress,
taken word for word out of Sir Philip Sidney's
Arcadia, which Book she had formerly per-
used; having read the Letter, she sent it back
again by his Servant, saying, *Friend thou art
mistaken; for the Superfcription of the Letter
is to one Mistress Pomelia.*

160.

A Fellow having lost one of his Ears be-
fore, sell the second time into the Execution-
ner's hand, who cut off the other; but having
the third time been caught, he was condemn-
ed to lose one of his Ears; the Executioner
going to do his Office, first look'd on one
side of his Head, and missing there, he turn'd
to the other side, and cried out, *There is no
Ears here: Upon which the Fellow turning
about in a Rage, said, You Uncivil Rascal,
Who do you think is bound to find you Ears
every Sessions, with a Pox to you.*

161.

A fair Woman taking an ill-fac'd Man to
her Husband, and yet her Beauty still more
and more encreasing, a merry Wag taking
notice of it, swore he never saw an Apple lie
so long in so nasty a Place unrotten.

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162.

A Maid being offered to one in Marriage, her Friends were very much dissatisfied, that he paus'd so long upon the Choice, and at length ask'd his Reason for it? He replied, *If she be ill-favoured, I won't take her; if fair, I can't keep her; this takes up my thoughts so that I cannot resolve as yet what to do.*

163.

A Country Fellow hewing at a Tree, fell down and broke his Neck: His Man went home, and told his Dame a long Story, how that he gave him warning, and if it had not been for him, he had, when he fell down, been Cut with the Ax.

164.

A Welchman Travelling upon the Road, and having forgot to Water his Horse in the Morning before he came out, the Horse was very Thirsty, and coming to a pretty deep Water, Shenkin holding the Bridle a little too fast in his hand, when his quaffing Beast went to Drink, he pitch-pold him over his Head in the Water: *Uds-plutter-a-nails*, quoth he, (in a great Fury) *What cannot bur Drink without a Toast?*

165.

A Country Fellow passing along London-Street, having a monstrous long Beard a Horse in a Cart snatch'd greedily at it, taking it for a Bottle of Hay; at which the Country Fellow cried out: *A Fox take you, and your Horse both, Carman, who made him a Barber.*

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166.

A Welchman being Carted away to the Gallows, a Country-man of his met him, who said, *Whither away so sad Country-man? What, a-la-mort?* I said to Tyburn, Country-man: *To Tyburn!* says he, *blefs me!* *What to do there?* Nothing but to put an end to a prible prable Matter.

167.

A froward Shrew, being blam'd by her Neighbours, that she did not Reverence her Husband as she ought: *Nay*, replied she, *I think he has no great Reason to complain, for I do him all the right imaginable: His Will is mine: He would bear Rule, and I desire the like only in Sympathy.*

168.

A Tall young Man, being in Company with one of a Low Stature, began to reflect upon him, calling him Pigmy: *It's true*, replied the other, *I am but of a small growth in respect of you, but I think the Reason of the Disparity may easily be conceived: What is it do you think?* Says he, *Why*, replied he, *it may be, it is, because I had but one Father, that I am so little, but it is known you had a great many, so it is no wonder there be a difference.*

169.

A certain Taylor ferrying over a River in Wales, with a diminutive Nag, the Steed never using to Travel by Water, and wondering

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dering that he stood still, and moved, was possessed with fear, and made some disturbance in the Boat, to the great indangering of the Passengers: A *Welchman* in the Company apprehending the Danger, was fired with Anger, and without any Wings he flew on the Taylor, and revenged the Injury of the Palfry, on poor Prick-Louse: The Sticher not daring to oppose *Taffy*, revenges himself upon the poor Gelding; at which he capered, so that he put the Passengers in a greater Hazard: Whereupon *Taffy* sits down, and bids the Taylor do the like, promising to Reason the Matter further with him at Landing.

170.

A Fellow being adjudged to lose his Ears for some notorious Crime, and while he was in Prison, three or four Days before he was to suffer, some Friends came to visit him; after they had discoursed a while, they at length fell a speaking concerning the loss of his Ears: One said they were to be cut off by the Roots: another said, only the Tip; they grew so hot upon the Argument, that they fell together by the Ears; which the Prisoner seeing, desired them to desist, and have a Week's Patience, *For*, says he, *within that Time I'll resolve the Doubt.*

171.

A Gentleman, who was a *Papist*, as he was Travelling into the Country, comes to

an Inn; the Hostler having taken his Horse from him, and set some Hay before him; which he thought would please the Gentleman very well, *He asked him if he had no better?* No, Sir, says he: *Then, says he, it's stark naught:* How! stark naught? Says the Hostler, Do ye know what you say? I am confident you are Mistaken; saying further, it was as good Hay, as the Pope of Rome needed to Eat: *Well, then, says he, my Horse shall not be so bold as to eat that which is fit for a Pope, give him some other Hay.*

172.

A drunken Fellow coming Home late upon a Night, having a Boy with him to be his Guide, coming by a Conduit where the Water did run pretty strongly, told the Boy he must Piss, and turning to the Conduit, he piss'd against it, close by where the Water-Cock run; so after he had stood there a while, the Boy told him it was late, and prayed him to come Home, that they might go to Bed; *What, you Rogue, says he, would you have me be-piss my Breeches, do you hear how I piss still?* (thinking that the Cock running was his Pissing.) The Boy told him he had done, it was the Cock that run: *Say you so, says he, in Truth I thought I had Piss'd all the while:* So went as well as he could Home with his Boy.

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173.

A merry Fellow, awaking after his first Sleep, finds that Thieves had broke through his House, and very busie searching what they could find, merrily said, *My Friends, you may be gone, except you mind to bestow your Labour in vain, for I can find nothing there by Day-light; but if you can find out in the Dark, take it, and much good may it do you.*

174.

Two Rogues upon the Borders having stolen Five Horses, and having got out of all Hazard of being discovered, they fall to divide the Spoil; (all the Weapons they had was a Dagger.) He that had the Dagger, told the other he would let him have one of the Horses, but no more: Nay, says the other, *I wrought as much as you did, and should in Reason have an equal share;* the other draws his Dagger and threatens to kill him, if he would offer to seek any more than he gave him freely; Well, says he, *I can't help it, if it must be so, but rather than I will go Home with one, while you have four, I'd rather sell you my Right for half nothing:* At length they agreed that the other should take the Horse and give him the Dagger for it; which, when done, he that had gotten the Dagger, takes hold of the other, and threatens to kill him, unless he would willingly part with all the five: Nay, says he, let me have but one to go home with?

G 4

No,

No, says he, *not one Hair of his Tail*; and so dismissed him.

175.

A Fellow bragging upon a Day, that no kind of Disease could make him keep his Bed, one that heard him, asked him, *How that could be, since it is so well known, that the smallest Disease may sometimes come to that Height, as to bring the strongest Man in the World, not only to keep his Bed, but even to death?* Very well, says he, but these strong Men and I differ in that, they have Money, and may keep their Bed, but I want Money, and therefore I am just going to sell mine.

176.

A French Fencer Challenged an Englishman, whose Name was Church, to a Tryal of Skill, but upon Tryal, the Englishman was too many by half for the Frenchman; which made the Gentleman that look'd on say, *That the Frenchman would turn a rank Recusant, and not come any more to Church*: Truly, says another, it's no wonder, for our Church-Discipline has proved so Rigorous to him, that were he once at Home again, we should hear no more of him.

177.

Some Gentlemen in Company discoursing of Musick, some prais'd the sprightly Musick, others preferred the sad, some were for the Viol, others for the Flute: But at length they came to dispute what Pipes made

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made the best Musick, *Truly*, says one, *let me have a Pipe of Tobacco, and if I do not please others with it, yet I'll be sure to please my self, and that is enough for me.*

178.

A drunken Fellow coming Home late at Night, as his Custom was, began to beat every Body he met with; at length coming to his Man, he threatned to beat him; he ask'd him, *For what?* *How Sirrah*, says he, running upon him with all his force; but while he thought to catch hold of him, he steps aside, which made the Master fall with so much force, that he cry'd out his Bones were broken; *Well, well*, Master, says he, *I see you cannot stand to what you do, pray go up to Bed, and we'll Reason the Case to Morrow.*

179.

A Fellow coming by a *Mercer's* Shop in London, and seeing a Box full of fine Ribbands, steps in, and asks the *Mercer*, How he sold them a Yard? *He told him a Crown*: Well, says he, prithee, what shall I give you for as much as will reach from one of my Ears to the other: *Indeed, Friend*, says the *Mercer*, *I do not use to sell my Goods after that manner; but if you have use for so much, and no more, I'll use you kindly*: Well, says the Fellow, what shall I give you? *Eighteen-pence*, says he; *Eighteen-pence* you shall have, quoth the other, if you keep your

G 5

Bargain:—

Bargain : So having fully agreed, the *Mer-*
cer goes to measure his Ribbands, but ha-
 ving found one Ear, he ask'd him, *Where*
the other was, for he could not find it? Nay,
 says he, if you will find it, you must go
 to *Terk* for it, for there I left it a Twelve-
 month ago.

180.

Two Rogues came to a *Goldsmith's Shop*,
 pretending to Buy a *Tankard* of him, and
 having agreed upon a Plot, one of them
 goes out, and leaves the other to make the
 Bargain; but he seeming to dislike the
 Price, goes away also, but secures a Silver
 Cup, which the *Goldsmith* missing just as he
 was gone, follows him close, crying out,
Stop him, stop him; his Fellow waiting in a
 convenient Place, and seeing the Fray, runs
 in among the Multitude, crying, *Stop him*
behind, or he will run all out, which put the
 People in such a Confusion, as the Rogues
 got both away, without being catch'd.

181.

A Man's House in the City being on Fire,
 the Cry was given; upon which the People
 run up and down, crying, *Fire, Fire*; Nay,
 says one, if that be all the help you'll make,
 Sirs, you may go Home to Bed, for I am
 sure here is more need of crying for Wa-
 ter, than Fire.

182. A

182.

A Friend of his own accused a Spendthrift of Mismanaging his Estate, saying, I am sorry to see him carry himself, so ; for, says he, I see you have all the Properties of a Prodigal : *Nay, saas the other, priethee don't say so, for I never yet sed with Swine :* True, says he, but the Reason was, because no Body would trust you with their Swine.

183.

A Gallant setting himself out before his Mistress, upon a Day asked her whom she thought the prettiest Man in the World ? *Nay, says she, that's a puzzling Question ; but however I think that Man that is most unlike you may be for ought I know.*

184.

A merry Fellow meeting an old Woman which wanted most of her Teeth, ask'd her, When she sold her Teeth ? *You Rogue you, says she, when I was Young, I had both Tongue and Teeth, as well as you have, with a Pox to you ;* I believe you very well, says he, it seems you had too much Tongue, for it hath worn away your Teeth.

185.

A Magician's Wife having brought forth a Son, the Father goes to Werk, to know what his Son's Fortune should be, his Neighbours coming in to wish him Joy, asked him, *What he was so serious about ?* He told them he was studying to know his Son's Fortune :

Fortune : *Truly*, says one of them, *methinks you had done more Wisely, to look back a little to try if you can know who is his Father.*

186.

A Citizen having bought a Hart's-Head with its Horns, when he brought it Home, his Wife ask'd him, *What use he had for it ?* Why, says he, to hang my Hat o' it : Nay, says she, *if that be all, you have spent your Money needlessly, for you have a Head fit enough for that purpose.*

187.

A lazy Fellow that lov'd his Morning Sleep too well, his Master being much vexed that he lay so long a Bed, comes one Morning to his Bed's-side, and began to read him a Sowre Lecture, calling him lazy Rascal, how he was not asham'd to be a Bed till that Time of the Day, for, says he, the Sun is up an Hour ago, and you are still a Bed, with a Pox to you : *Well, well*, says he, *Master, let the Sun be going, for I am sure it has farther to go than I have.*

188.

A Man having lost a Bag of Money, began to exclaim against the World, as being full of Crosses : *Why*, says one that met him, *what's the Matter ?* *Why*, says he, *all is gone.* Then replied the other, *you need not vex your self so much for your Crosses, having lost so many Crosses to Day, which you are never like to see again.*

189. A

189.

A merry Fellow lying in Bed, upon a Night, hears Thieves breaking open his Door, thinking all the House had been at rest: *My Friends*, says he, *you are come a little too soon, for we are not asleep yet; you may come time enough two Hours hence.*

190.

A Country-man that liv'd at London three Years, when he went Home, a Friend ask'd him, *If he saw White-Hall?* No, says he: *Nor the Tower?* says the other. No, says he. *Strange!* Said he, *What could be the Reason of it?* Why, truly, says he, the Keeper of the Counter was so cross a Fellow, he would not let me out to see any thing.

191.

One told another in a Rage, 'twould be no piece of Unkindness to wish him with the Devil: He asking the Reason? The other replied, *Because all thy Friends dwell there.*

192.

A meer Scholar going along the Street, chanced to strike his Head against a Post, which made his Eyes Water; the People gathering about him to see how he was, *Sirs*, says he, *you need not Wonder at this, for you see that good Wits will jump sometimes; and so went away.*

193.

An Englishman and a Welchman fell into a Debate, which of the Countrys maintain'd

tain'd the greatest Grandure: The *Welchman*, to overthrow the *Englishman*, said, That in *Wales* they'll sometimes have a dozen of Cooks at one Wedding: *Very true*, says the *Englishman*, for each *Man* Toasts his own *Cheese*, which makes the Cooks to be so many.

194.

A Gentleman passing by a Field where there was a Flock of Sheep, the Shepherd's Dog runs upon him, bites his Leg: He crys out to the Shepherd, *You Rogue you, How comes it that you let your Dog abuse a Gentleman at this rate?* Truly, Sir, says the Shepherd, the Cur is uncivil I confess, and I'll make him pay for it, but I never saw him so bold upon any Gentleman before: *Why then*, says he, *what aileth the Cur at me?* I believe an't please your Worship, says he, he takes you for a Sheep, and that is the Reason of it.

195.

A drunken Fellow going along the Street, said, He would not give the Wall to any Man in *England*: Truly, says one that came by, you have Reason, for if you once quit the Wall, your best Upholder, you won't find the Kennel (where you are like to make your Bed) so pleasant.

196.

A discontented Cuckold complaining to a Friend of the Undutifulness of his Wife to him: *Nay*, says the other, *pristhee don't say so, for I can prove she loves you very well*: My Friend,

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Friend, says he, that needs no Proof, for I know she loves me so well, that she loves others for my Sake : which is my Grief.

197.

A Gentleman opening a Nut with a Knife cut his Finger to the Bone; he looks at his Neighbour, and asks him, What Sign is this? *It is*, says he, *a Sign you have Cut your Finger pretty well* : Nay, says he, I am sure that is not so, I know it was well before, but now I find it quite contrary.

198.

One that went to *Bethlem* to see the Mad People, ask'd one of them, If he had a Wife? *A Wife*, (says he) *no, I am not so Mad yet*.

199.

A Country Woman going to Market, had Occasion to go a little aside to ease Nature; she was no sooner down but two Gallants coming by, one of them bespeaks her thus : *Good Woman*, says he) *in our Country when the Hens lay an Egg, they used to Cackle* ; It's true, Sir, says she, and so would I have done likewise, but that I was afraid you would have run away with my Egg, yet since I see you so Civil, I'll let you take one Mouthful of it, and be gone.

200.

A Country Gentleman having invited some of his Friends to Supper, and having dispatched the first Course, his Servants were serving up the second ; but one of them

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entring the *Dining-Room* with a Capon, it chanced that he stumbled, and the Capon flew out of the Platter, and run along the Floor to the Table; which the Master himself takes up, and jestingly says, It is well the Capon is come first, my Man will come anon too, I hope: The Man comes with the empty Platter in his Hand, and takes up the Capon, and puts it into it: I thank you, Sir, says his Master, I could have done so myself. Ay, quoth he, it is an easy matter indeed to do a thing which he sees done before his Face.

201.

King *James* riding a Hunting into the County of *Kent*, comes to a great Gate that he must needs pass through, and seeing a Plow-man standing at the Gate, the King says to him, Prithee good Fellow open the Gate? The Fellow perceiving who it was, answered, *No, an't please your Grace, I am not worthy to be in that Office, but I will fetch Mr. Cooper (who was a Justice) that dwelleth but three Miles hence, and he shall open you the Gate*; and so run away as fast as he could drive, and left the King to open the Gate himself.

202.

A Tyler sitting upon the Ridge of a House, and reaching a little too far for something he wanted, fell back, and by hap fell upon a Man that was sitting under the House,

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House, whom he bruised to Death, but thereby saved his own Life. Afterwards a Son of the Dead Man's caused the Man to be Apprehended for Murder, and having him before the Judge, cryed for Justice: The Judge asked the Prisoner what he could say for himself? Truly, Sir, quoth he, I never thought the Man any Hurt, neither did I think to fall my self, but since it was my hap to hit upon him to save my Life, I am contented that his Son shall have Justice; therefore let him go up to the Top of the House, where I sat, and I will sit where his Father sat, let him fall from the Place as cunningly as he can, and fall upon me to save his Life, I will be contented; for which witty Answer he was released.

203.

A Scoffing Blade, meeting a Gentlewoman with a long Nose, says, Madam, I would gladly kiss your Mouth, if I knew how to come at it for your Nose: Nay, Sir, says she, if my Nose be so big that you cannot come at my Mouth, you may kiss me behind, where there is no Nose to give you Offence.

204.

A Thatcher being at Work on the Ridge of an high Barn, and all the Thatch loose beneath him, his Feet slipt from him, and still as he felt himself falling, catching uncertain hold as the Thatch failed, he cryed,
Lord,

Lord bleſs me, Lord help me, &c. but coming to the Eves, and ſeeing what gr at diſtance there was betwixt him and the Ground, Z——ds, ſays he, *what a great Fall am I like to have!*

205.

A Country Fellow being admitted to a Gentleman's Table, fell upon the *Artechokes*, at the Lower-end, but not knowing what of them ſhould be eaten, and what not, takes a Mouthful of the Burrs, which almoſt Choaked him; ſaith one of them that ſat next him, Friend, that Diſh is reſerved for the laſt: Truly, answered he (as well as he coule) I am of your Mind, for I think it ſhall be the laſt that ever I ſhall taſte of.

206.

A Fellow for ſome Miſdemeanour which he had committed, was whipt at the Cart's Arſe, and holding back with all the ſtrength he had, a Gentleman that look'd on, pitying his Condition, bids him bear forward that he might be the ſooner out of his Pain: Sir, ſaid he, it is my turn to be whipt now, and I will go as I liſt; and when it comes to your Turn, do as you pleaſe.

207.

A Serjeant kneeling once before the King, to have a Bill ſigned with his Maſteſty's Hand, and kneeling ſomewhat long, being much troubled with the *Wind-Collick*, which

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tumbled in his Belly, so as at last his Post-
 riors began to cry out so loud, as the House
 founded with the Noise; at which the King
 smilingly says, I never knew till now, that
 a Serjeant had Authority to let go a Prisoner,
 it being against the Law. An't Please your
 Majesty, quoth the Serjeant, he was a trou-
 blefome Rogue, and crept through the Key-
 hole, and Necessity hath no Law.

208.

A Light-headed Blade walking along the
 Street, meets with an old decayed Gentle-
 woman, with a Gown that by Age was
 worn Thread-bare; the Gallant thinking to
 break a Jest with her, took up the Hem of
 her Gown, and kiss'd it, which she looking
 back, and taking Notice of, ask'd him, *What*
he meant by that? Why (quoth he) to Ho-
 nour old Age: *Alas! Sir,* (replied she) *you*
might then have kiss'd mine Arse, for it is
Forty Years Older.

209.

A Country Farmer being very Sick, sends
 for a Physician, who, when he came and had
 felt his Pulse, and view'd his Water, and
 then he told him he could by no means Re-
 cover, and so went away; but the Man after
 a while recovered by the Help of God, and
 walking abroad, chanced to meet with his Phy-
 sician, who being sore afraid to see him, ask'd
 him, *If he were not such a Farmer?* Yes,,
 says he, I am. *Art thou alive or dead?*
 says

says he, Dead, (quoth the Farmer) and because I have experience of many Things, I am sent to take up all Physicians I can meet with; which made the Physicians look as pale as Ashes for Fear: Nay, Fear not, (quoth the Farmer) for though I named all the Physicians, yet I meant not you for one; for I am sure a verier Duncelives not this Day, and art more fit to give Physick to Dogs, than to Men; and so left him.

210.

A poor Beggar, whom the Sun had turn'd Black with its Heat, came to a rich Citizen to beg his Alms, to whom the Citizen said, *I pray get thee hence from me, for you look as if you were come from Hell*: The Beggar seeing that he could get nothing, answered, Yes, Sir, I came from Hell, indeed: *Why didst not thou stay there still?* Says the Citizen, Marry, Sir, quoth the Beggar, there is no Room for poor Beggars, like me, all is kept for such Gentlemen as you are.

211.

A Gentleman coming out of the Country to visit a friend of his own, call'd Mr. Sword, who was upon the King's Guard, and going to the Guard-Chamber, said to him that kept the Door, *Pray, Sir, says he, tell me if there be one Sword among you?* No, indeed, Sir, answered the other, but if you please, you may go to the Queen's-side and ask, where you may be better inform'd.

212. One

212.

One passing by, seeing a poor Fellow in a cold Morning on the Gallows in his Shirt, and after a short Confession ready to be turn'd off the Ladder. *Alas ! poor Man, saith he, much Pity him, he will stand so long yonder in the Cold, that I am afraid he will go near to catch his Death.*

213.

In Gloucestershire dwelt one who Cured frantick People in this Manner : When the Fit was upon them, he would put them in a Gutter of Water ; some to the Knees, some to the Middle, and some to the Neck ; and according to the deepness of the Distemper. So one of them that was pretty well recovered standing at the Gate, and seeing a Gentleman passing by with his Hawks and Hounds : The mad Man called him, and said, *Gentleman, whether do you go ?* On Hunting, says the Gentleman. *What do you with all those Kites and Dogs ?* They be Hawks and Hounds, quoth the Gentleman : *Wherefore keep you them ?* quoth the other : *Why (says he) for my Pleasure :* Ay, *but what do they cost you a Year to maintain them ?* Forty Pounds : says he, *And what do they Profit you a Year ?* Some Ten Pounds ; answered the Gentleman : *And what Pounds have you to your self beside ?* Five Hundred, replied he. *Get thee quickly hence,,* quoth the Fellow, *if my Master see thee, thou'lt be sure to be duck'd over Head and Ears.*

214. A

214.

A young Blade, having spent his father's Allowance, came to a Banker, who knew him, and desired that he would do him the kindness to lend him a certain Sum of Money, which he would oblige himself to Pay again with large Interest; the Banker desired his Bond; he granted it conditionally that his Father should not know of it; which the Banker agreed to: So having met to Seal the Bond, when he began to read in the beginning of the Bond, *Be it known to all Men*, he threw it away, and refused to Seal it, saying to the other, *That he did not look for such an affront from him*. Wherein have I affronted you? Says he. *Why, say he, you Promised that my Father should not know of it, but your Bond says, Be it known to all Men, so that my Father must be a Beast, or else if he be a Man, How can it be known to all Men, and not to him as well as others.*

215.

A fellow going to the Gallows, and his Wife going along with him, being half-way, he desired her to trouble her self no farther, but go Home, and, says he, *If I don't come Home before Eleven a-Clock, you need not expect me, but go to Bed*: To which she answered, *Nay, dear Husband, now I have seen you thus far on your Way, faith I'll see you Hang'd before I will leave you.*

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A scoffing Gallant walking in the Fields, overtook a Milk-maid going a Milking bare Leg'd, as in the Country some use to go, and thus saluted her, *Fair Maid, How long have you worn those Stockins?* Sir, answered she, these Stockins, and a Pair of Breeches of the same, I have worn these Three and Twenty Years, and have but one Hole in them, which you may put your Nose in; had so departed.

217.

own Coutrymen waiting on him, being at a Fair, and drawing out a Purse with good store of Money in it, was espyed by a Cut-purse, who never left dogging him, till finding his Opportunity to slip his Hand in his Pocket, he takes Purse and all; which his Man seeing, drew out his Knife, and coming behind him, cut off his Ear; the Thief finding it to smart, turn'd about in a great Fury, and ask'd, What he meant by that? *No great Matter*, says he Friend, (thewing him his Ear in his Hand) *only give our Master bur Purse, and bur will give bur bur Ear again.*

218.

A merry Fellow going along the Street, espyed a Maid going before him, who with one Hand held up her Cloaths behind to keep them from the Dirt: He comes up to her,

her, and says, Sister, will you let a Lease of your Tail, you have it in your own Hands? Ay, Sir, says she, if your Nose will tutn Tenant.

219.

A young Man, the Son of a rich Miser, who also was a great Miser himself, went to advise with a Friend about a Wife, telling him, That if he Married any, it must be one who is both Rich and Frugal : Nay, says the other, then my Advice is, that you marry your Father, for he is the fittest for your purpose of any that I know.

220.

A Fellow selling of an old Horse in a Fair, the Buyer questioned his Age, upon which the Fellow clap'd his Hand upon his Back, and wisht he might be Hang'd if he was not under Five, meaning his five Fingers; and so got him off.

221.

An old Usurer being taken with the Gout, a merry Fellow came to see him, to whom he lamented his Case, telling him, that he was happy that had the Use of his Limbs, that he could go so nimbly about his Business, whil'st I, says he, lye here like a dead Stock, and cannot turn my self in my Bed : Nay, says the other, for as dead as you seem to be, I'll warrant you take Care to be at Hell as soon as the nimblest of us all.

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